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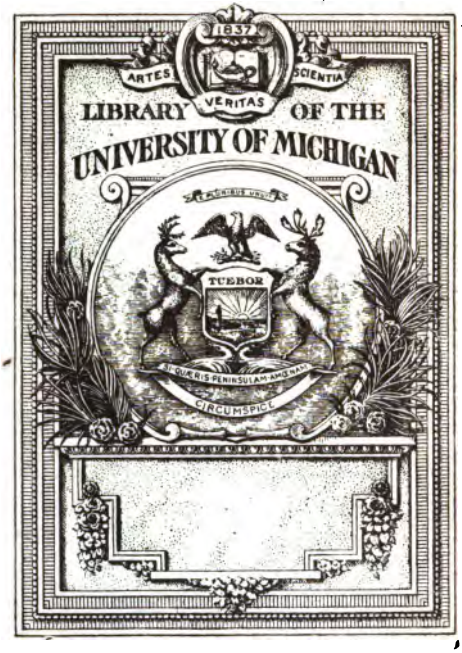
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MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

Some of which are in the

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

By JOHN STAGG.

Hail, holy light! offspring of Heav'n first-born!

——————Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt.

MILTON.

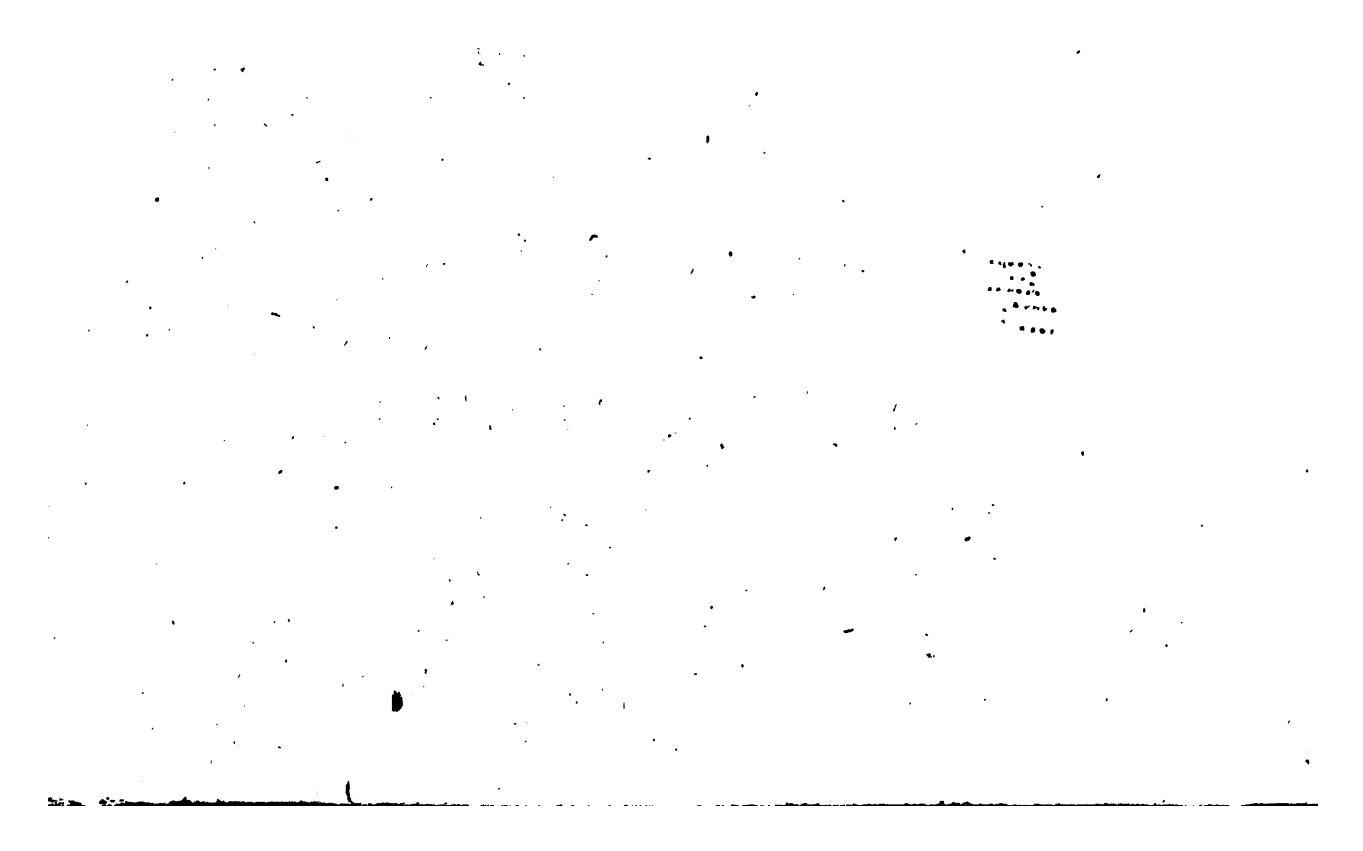
SECOND EDITION.

WORKINGTON:

PRINTED BY W. BORROWDALE,

In the Market Place.

1805.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN ELEGY.

HARK where yon ſadly, mournful, paſſing bell,
Burſts on the gale with melancholy toll;
'Tis ſorrow's voice, that deeply awfull knell,
That ſummon's hence the fair Celeſtia's ſoul.

Ah ſhe is gone! thou Muſe of Sorrow weep;
Her loſs with grateful ſympathy deplore;
Heave penſive heart, ye eyes in torrents ſteep,
The good, the bleſt Celeſtia is no more.

Oh cruel death! nor yet to her ſevere,
But to ſurviving relatives unkind:
Thy mandate ſhe with fortitude could bear,
Thy ſhafts alone pierce thoſe ſhe left behind.

To her no ſhare of poignant woe was given,
In being exil'd from this drear abode;
She left this world, to join her kindred heaven
With ſiſter-angels and her Parent God.

Kind Providence that ſees and governs all,
Beheld her ſuff'rings, nor beheld in vain;
He ſummon'd: chearful ſhe obey'd the call,
And left for endleſs bliſs a life of pain.

335304

Pure was her life, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Her heart unbiaſs'd, and her judgment clear;
To Heav'n alone her heart was ſtill reſign'd;
Her actions gen'rous and her words ſincere.

The famiſh'd ſtranger and the child of want,
Her kind benevolence has oft reliev'd;
At Pity's call the ready tear ſhe'd grant,
At life's ſad woes her tender boſom heav'd.

And thou, O Muſe! with ſympathetic heart,
Would ſum her merits in imperfect lays;
In her benevolence thou had'ſt a part,
A part that claims thy pity and thy praiſe.

But ſoft: calm reaſon calls; forbear to mourn,
Nor dare divine Omniſcience to offend;
Who gave, may ſure exact a juſt return,
Still to the virtuous Heaven will be a friend.

As long as memory in me ſhall live,
Will I regret the ſad and fatal day,
A tributary tear to her I'll give,
Ne'er ſhall her lovly image fade away!

Kind Heav'n no ſooner bleſs'd me with a friend,
A real friend; (meſtimable ſtore!)
Than death, relentleſs, did his rage extend,
And with rude hands the bonds of friendſhip tore.

OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS.

WHAT fragrant odours ſcent the gale,
Diffus'd from yon fair bluſhing roſe;
What ſweets the various flowers exhale,
What grand, what lively dies diſcloſe.

How ſweetly ſmiles th' autumnal year,
Whilſt fruitage crowns the fertile lawn;
Serene the azure heavens appear,
And warbling ſongſters hail the dawn.

Huſh'd are the winds, ſave where the breeze
Refreſhing fans the ſober ſhade,
And murm'ring through the waving trees,
With coolneſs chears the ſultry glade.

The charms of chearfulneſs extend
O'er all creations ample plain:
Each grateful creature ſeems to lend
Concurrence to the thankful ſtrain.

The pinion'd warblers of the grove,
That ſimply flutter on the ſpray,
Inſpir'd by gratitude and love,
Pour forth in praiſe their warbling lay.

Pour forth in praiſe to him whoſe hand
Doth univerſal love diffuſe;
By inſtinct, prone to his command,
Unconſciouſly his will they chuſe.

Where'er we turn our wand'ring eyes,
What objects e'er our thoughts employ;
Gay ſcenes of common gladneſs riſe,
Inſpiring univerſal joy.

Save where dull man, in penſive mien,
Inſenſible of all delight,
Sits wrapt in melancholy ſpleen,
And turns diſguſted from the ſight.

Offended at the joyous ſhow, ——
That only galls his envious eye,
He feels the burthen of his woe, ——
And views theſe pleaſures with a ſigh.

Oh! happineſs: thou common aim
Of all, purſu'd by all in vain,
Who ſhall thy ſcanty favours claim,
What happy man thy friendſhip gain?

Content, they ſay, from mankind fled,
Determin'd never to return;
To Heaven her upward flight ſhe ſped,
And left poor helpleſs man to mourn.

O gracious Heaven! why could'ſt thou prove
Thus partial in the general plan,
Why in beneficence and love,
Produce ſo poor a thing as man?

Why give ſo many joys to pleaſe,
Why favours vainly thus employ?
The means of pleaſure, and of eaſe,
And diſallow him to enjoy.

Why teams the earth with ſhining mines,
Or why the gorgeous glare of ſtate?
To man in vain their luſtre ſhines;
On man in vain their ſplendours wait.

Doth antient Eden ſtill remain?
Deſire with reaſon ſtill diſpute?
Doth man ſtill covet yet in vain,
To taſte of the forbidden fruit?

Still in his heart, corroding care
Sits Gorgon like, his joys to ſpoil,
No true content e'er ſettles there;
Man's doom'd to mourn as well as toil.

Happy the ſimple and the gay,
Who nought of ſad reflection know;
Life's dreary voyage they ſport away,
Unknown to philoſophic woe.

But, can philoſophy e'er grieve?
That with ſtrong reaſoning guards the ſoul;
Whoſe hand ſhould ſoothe each ſigh we heave,
Whoſe voice ſhould every care controul.

Yes! ſhe with heavier loads oppreſs'd,
Than weak humanity can bear,
Serves but to harraſs more the breaſt,
Which ſweet ſimplicity would cheer.

Unconſcious of his greatneſs, man
Reign'd happy in primeval ſtate;
Till thirſt of knowledge firſt began
Theſe woes, he could but curſe too late.

Too ſenſible, the mind turns weak,
Unequal to the load it bears;
By ſelfiſh pride forbid to ſpeak,
And tell the vulgar world it's cares.

Hard, hard, O Heaven, is ſuch a ſtate,
When keen affliction racks the breaſt;
When ſhame forbids us to relate
The griefs with which the ſoul's oppreſt.

No ſecret friend, perchance is near,
No friend in whom we may confide;
And tho' diſtreſs the heart may tear,
'Tis but the ſecret grief to hide.

What man's misfortunes, when diſclos'd,
Meets more than public redicule;
Faith on a public faith repos'd,
Finds cauſe to deem itſelf a fool.

But if a friend well-prov'd we find,
Diſcretion bids us hold him dear;
In him our cares are all confin'd,
We prove and warrant him ſincere.

What eaſe participation yields?
What joy communication lends?
This, from a ſad deſpondence ſhields,
That, ſweet perſuaſive comfort ſends.

The ſoul, diſburthen'd of its load,
Now feels kind interval of reſt,
Reliev'd from the heart piercing goad,
Soft gleams of pleaſure thrill the breaſt.

Friendſhip the wond'rous change performs,
That power, that quells our every care;
That calms the tempeſts and the ſtorms,
That elſe our boſoms oft enſnare.

Grant, gracious Heaven; grant me a friend,
'Tis all I wiſh, 'tis all I aſk;
Let all his words and actions blend,
Nor wear diſſimulation's maſk.

What are the ſplendours of the proud,
What the gay pageants of the great?
When mingled in the numerous croud,
How little then appears their ſtate?

A competence, O gracious Heaven!
Is all I ſeek, nor covet more;
This, bounteous God, to me when given,
Makes me the happieſt of the poor.

Content with plenty; this is bliſs;
'Tis virtue gives content in view;
That happineſs we may not miſs,
Still virtue's path let us purſue.

Virtue gives happineſs below,
Through her we every pleaſure prove,
'Tis ſhe protects from every woe,
'Tis virtue leads to Heaven above.

AN INVOCATION TO PEACE.

COME gentle Peace, and with thy olive wand
Shed thy ſweet influence o'er a factious land;
Reſtore to harmony yon hoſtile plains,
Where all around ſad devaſtation reigns:
No more let rage inſpiring trumpets blow,
But cloſe the long continued ſcene of woe;

Drive diſcord from her dread enſanguin'd car,
And all the dire concomitants of war.
Huſh'd be the trumpet's ſound, the cannon's roar,
Let the loud claſh of arms diſmay no more;
No more let warriors meet with hateful eyes,
And ruſh to combat for a fancied prize;
A prize that pride holds forth, but to enſnare
Fools to their ruin, e'er they are aware.
What are the gains, war or ambition brings?
The ſcourge of ſubjects and the ſport of kings:
What are the benefits, falſe honour gives?
To him who all proſperity outlives:
Monarch's may flatter, and their people hear,
And from their ſchemes expect a golden year,
But ſay: can common ſenſe ſuch ſchemes applaud;
In pride begun, and carried on in fraud.
The wounded ſoldier, wading through the field,
To graſp thoſe laurels fame ſhall never yield;
Purſues in vain the viſionary ſhade,
Which firſt incited and at laſt betray'd:
Vain honour, in perſpective, cheer'd his view,
And where fame led, ſtill bade him to purſue;
'Till diſappointment and a mangled frame,
Shew him too late the madneſs of his aim:
Home he returns, diſhonour'd and perplex'd,
Stung with regret and at his follies vex'd;
New ſcenes of ſorrow meet his ſad return:
To a lone arbour he retires to mourn,
Finds to his ſorrow all his kindred gone,
Not one kind friend to mingle in his moan;

Diſcharg'd, deſerted, by a cruel ſtate,
To all the woes that indigence await,
His youthful vigour gone, infirm and poor,
He crawls a ſpectacle from door to door,
To beg the dole of heſitated bread,
From thoſe to whom he lent his gen'rous aid.
Think, think, ye tyrants, that the world divide,
And portion mankind to appeaſe your pride;
Think on the hoſts, to ſlaughter you condemn,
And tho' you ſpare not, learn to pity them:
If 'twas your pride that ſunk them in diſtreſs,
Let your munificence their woes redreſs;
Nor vainly let the Soldier ſhare the toil,
Whilſt you enjoy the honour and the ſpoil.
Oh! dire ambition; with what impious hand,
Thou ſpread'ſt deſtruction o'er a gen'rous land;
Reluctant lead'ſt her ſuff'ring ſons afar,
To mingle in unneceſſary war;
A complicated war, whoſe various wrongs,
To private, not to public cauſe belongs:
Yet ſee the loyal ſons of Britain go,
Like native heroes to engage their foe,
And dare the joint attacks of France and Spain,
And treach'rous Holland; on the billowing main.
When Albion's navy o'er the roaring flood,
Her Belgic enemies enrag'd purſu'd;
What ardour ſhone in every Briton's face?
When Zealand's ſquadrons ſhorten'd to their chace;
What gen'rous ardour fir'd each Briton's heart?
Each anxious to perform a hero's part.

In vain the antients boaſt their warlike feats,
In vain the Punic vie with Engliſh fleets;
Let their Hiſtorians, let their Patriot's boaſt
The ſplendid greatneſs of their naval hoſt,
Still, madman like, they wag'd their floating war,
Nor could they e'er with Britiſh ſkill compare:
Unwieldy o'er the toſſing flood they ſteer'd,
And much as enemies themſelves they fear'd:
With the collected aid of ſail and oar,
They cautious coaſted on from ſhore to ſhore;
To them no compaſs kind direction gave,
To guide their paſſage o'er the traitleſs wave;
No line nor order, in their fight was known,
Each warrior fought by methods of his own;
The ſharpen'd Roſtra faſten'd in the prow,
Gave undiſcover'd the deciſive blow;
Weak and contemptible, their modes of war
Shew what they were, to what now Britons are:
What would their feeble roſtras now avail,
Should Britiſh thunders their large hulks aſſail;
Their mad manœuvers now would prove in vain,
Their inſufficiency, yet more explain:
Their Hanibals and Scipios, might with eaſe,
Confeſs brave Duncan, ſovereign of the ſeas;
With gallant Onſlow, who loud vengeance bore
To where old Ocean laves Batavia's ſhore;
Where Belgium's armaments they eager chace,
By Gallic councils urg'd to dire diſgrace;
Soon they engage, loud thunders rend the ſky,
And Briton's banners wave diſplay'd on high;

From ſhip to ſhip the loud alarm is ſpread,
And every deck is ſtrew'd with mangled dead;
Thick fly the miſſive balls of death, whoſe flight
Drive hoſts of heroes to eternal night,
Darkening in air, the nitrous ſmoke aſcends,
And ſad confuſion wide and far extends;
Torrents of human gore the decks diſtain,
And pour in horrid ſurface o'er the main;
High on the prow, ſee where De Winter ſtands,
And to his fainting crew gives his commands;
Deſerted and forlorn, behold him dare,
Singly the rage and ſhock of all the war;
Rallies his warriors and upbraids their fears,
Thund'ring rewards and honours in their ears;
Bids them awhile the doubtful combat wage,
And charge their rivals with redoubled rage.
But nothing now could Britiſh heat reſtrain,
Tho' on each deck lay heaps of mangled ſlain;
Still they diſdain'd to make inglorious pauſe,
'Till victory ſhould decide the uncertain cauſe:
God and our arms be prais'd, they won the day,
And tow'd defeated Belgia's ſhips away.
But let not inſult nor exulting pride,
Preſume too much, too much on this confide;
If Providence permitted this ſucceſs,
'Twas purchas'd by an infinite diſtreſs;
For this unuſeful triumph to obtain,
Thouſand of our dear countrymen were ſlain;
Tho' England's annals this with pride diſplay,
Thouſands will date their ſorrows from this day.

But think, ye ſtateſmen, who ſecure in eaſe,
Plan expeditions hazardous like theſe;
Think when theſe dreadful conflicts you review,
They fought not only for themſelves but you;
Their blood they ſpilt defending public weal,
Their relicts then ſhould public pity feel.
When from his home the mariner is torn,
And to the bark reluctantly is borne;
Torn from the raptures of a wife's embrace,
The ſoft endearments of an infant race,
From home, from parents, friends, Oh! thoughts ſevere,
From all that long poſſeſſion renders dear;
Think of the pangs his tortur'd ſoul muſt know,
Nor can the tear of pity ceaſe to flow;
Let kind benevolence reward his wrongs,
And pay to merit what to it belongs:
Let the luxurious ſons of Britain think,
What bitter draughts their fellow ſubjects drink;
And tho' misfortune be to them unknown,
Learn to compaſſionate woes not their own.
Far from the ſeat of power let pride repair,
And clemency aſſume the regal chair;
Far from mankind be fell ambition hurl'd,
And concord ſway the empire of the world:
Give, kindly Heaven, give to Britannia peace,
And let the ſword of war ſtop havock ceaſe;
Peace, the ſweet darling offspring of the gods,
An exil'd fugitive from theſe abodes;

This, halcyon queen, with aſpect ſweet reſtore,
And let the din of war diſturb no more;
In ſocial union let mankind combine,
And concord each contending faction join;
So on the ſon's of Albion's happy iſle,
Nay on all Europe, happineſs ſhall ſmile;
Then ſhall our commerce thrice increaſe our wealth,
And arts and ſcience breathe reviving health,
Religion ſhine, and our impartial laws
Be us'd with juſtice in each ſubject's cauſe;
The king and people happy ſhall remain,
And each ſuſtaining, equally ſuſtain.

HABAKKUK.—Chap. 3.

THE Lord tremendous in the thunder calld;
I heard thy mighty voice and ſtood appall'd;
Thro' the ſucceſſive ſeaſon's of the year,
Let thy indulgent mercy ſtill appear;
And when vindictive wrath thou ſhalt extend,
Thy clemency, thy power ſhall far tranſcend.
From Teman's heights the Lord triumphant came,
From Paran's mount reſound's his holy name;
O'er Heaven's high concave, wide his banners blaze,
And utmoſt earth reiterates his praiſe:
Upon his awful front effulgence ſhone,
Bright as the light round his eternal throne;
His opening hands myſterious horns reveal'd,
Where he his power omnipotent conceal'd;

Before his face wide deſolation ſpread,
And conflagrations iſſu'd from his tread.
He ſtood upon the earth, with hand divine,
Meaſuring the circling ſphere as with a line;
He view'd the num'rous nations of the world;
The nations round were to confuſion hurl'd;
The tow'ring hills were in diſorder thrown;
And the perpetual mountains tumbl'd down.
O how terrific is thy mighty name;
Thy ways are everlaſtingly the ſame.
I ſaw the tents of Cuſhan ſhake with fear,
And Median's curtains tremble in deſpair:
Was all thy vengeance for the river ſtor'd,
Or had their toſſing waves diſpleas'd the Lord?
Or was thy anger on the foaming flood,
When thou triumphant in thy chariot ſtood?
Riding thy horſes through the foaming ſea,
Thy chariots of ſalvation to diſplay:
Thy bow ſhone naked in the front of Heaven,
Like the appeals which by the tribes are given;
With rivers thou didſt ſubdivide the land,
And the high mountains ſhook beneath thy hand;
Vaſt inundations drench'd the fertile plain,
And from its bottom toſs'd the ſurging main,
Beating its billows o'er the yellow ſands,
And tortur'd, ſeems on high to hold his hands.
The glorious luminaries of night and day,
In Heaven tranſfix'd, forget their wonted way;

But as thy arrows cleave the yielding air,
To their accuſtom'd circles they repair,
Mov'd by the influence of thy glitt'ring ſpear.
In fury thou didſt march athwart the land,
Threſhing the heathen with vindictive hand:
Forth march'd the Lord ſalvation to obtain,
Salvation for his ſaints elect to gain;
The blood of the chief wicked thou has ſpilt,
By ſtriking the foundation of their gilt;
The chief in vain ſought ſuccour in his ſlaves,
Thou ſmote the ſervants with the maſter's ſtaves.
Forth like a ſtorm th' unrighteous rabble pour,
The indigent and feeble to devour;
Triumphantly thy horſes thou beſtrode,
And through the congregated waters rode.
I heard thy voice, courage my ſoul forſook,
My bowels trembled, my whole ſyſtem ſhook;
A ſudden cloud of doubts my mind o'ercaſt,
Fearful to find ſalvation at the laſt.
When forth he marches in ſublime parade,
He with his hoſts the people ſhall invade.
What tho' no fruit the luſcious figtree bear,
What tho' no bloſſoms on the vine appear;
Tho' the fat olive ſhall her fruit deny,
And autumn her kind ſtores no more ſupply;
By fell diſtempers tho' the cattle fall,
And flocks and herds ſhall periſh in the ſtall;
Yet, arm'd by hope, in Heaven I will rejoice,
And to my Saviour tune my chearful voice;

'Tis he, the Lord, on whom I have reclin'd,
Shall make me nimble, as the wanton hind;
With vaulting feet, elate to dance on high,
To the soft sounds of melting melody.

A WINTER PIECE.

NOW from the dreary regions of the north
Bleak boreas muſters forth his ruffian band;
From the dire magazine of wintry ſtorms,
With the artillery of thicken'd hail,
The big-ſwoll'n tempeſt, and the chilling froſt,
With all the ſad viciſſitudes of ſtorm,
That blaſt the pleaſures of the circling year,
The clouds in torrents pour their watery charge,
In ſhowers impetuous, on the delug'd earth:
Lo, from the mountain's high impending brow,
With hideous roar, deſcends the vaſt caſcade,
Low daſhing in the deep worn vaſe below;
Where ſwiftly round the circling eddy foams,
Then hurries headlong to the neighbouring brook.
The furious river, now to much ſurcharg'd,
From confluence of auxiliary ſtreams,
Rapidly rolling on, with rage unſtaid,
By common mounds preſcrib'd, the efforts weak,
Of weaker induſtry, whoſe feeble hands,
Heaven never calculated to oppoſe
The preternat'ral inundation's ſweep:

Human contrivance ineffectual proves;
And the big torrent burſts upon the plain;
Confuſion ſtalks around, and wild diſmay
Sits ſad on every ruſtic's pallid face.
Bolden'd by fear, with mad alacrity,
Precipitate they ſeek, to fly to find,
A ſafe aſylum, on the neighbouring hills;
Deſpair ſucceeds, and ſhrieks of general woe,
Whilſt far and wide, with horrid conflict urg'd,
The tempeſt ſpreads with unremitting rage:
Swift, from the verdent dale, and flowry mead,
Are ſwept, like common wreck, the flocks and herds,
Alike of peaſants, and their wealthier lord:
Nor human ſkill, with human proweſs join'd,
Can reſcue from the ravages of fate,
The heaps of ruin as they float along.

Night with her ſable mantle ſpreads the ſky,
And univerſal horror wraps the ſcene;
Loud with impeteous guſt the whirlwinds roar,
And the high-tow'ring pines, and bending oaks,
Rent by the furious blaſts, forgo their hold,
And hugely fall tremendous on the ground:
Wide, thro' the gloomy vault of heaven's high arch,
In diſmal gleams, the livid lightnings flaſh;
Dire intervals of more refulgent horror;
Whilſt loud above, the frightful thunders roll
In lengthening peals, that ſhake the firmſet earth,
And damp with pale diſmay the boldeſt hearts;
Whilſt nature, with the dread convulſion ſhock'd

Of elemental ſtrife, reſponſive quakes.
What voice was that, what melancholy ſhriek,
That pierc'd my ear above the midnight ſtorm?
Fancy, thou ſhudd'reſt; Oh I hear again
Some midnight trav'ler wilder'd in his way,
With wearied ſteps exploring all around,
To gain the well known path, left far behind;
Lur'd from his way by ſome ſmall glympſe of light,
That faintly glimmer through the darkſome waſte:
Loſt in the perfect gloom that now prevails,
Unable to regain th' abandon'd path;
Now helpleſs plunges in the tolling flood,
And ſinks unknown, unaided in the deep.

Heave pity, heave the ſympathetic ſigh,
And if compaſſion ever touch'd thy heart,
Let fall the tear of ſentimental grief,
And from the diſmal picture you behold,
ſeek to infer the ſhocking conſequence;
Let fancy in thy gen'rous breaſt ſuppoſe
This midnight victim of the raging ſtorm,
Returning from his taſk of uſual toil;
Toil, that each day procur'd his daily bread,
With the hard earnings of his labouring hours;
Carefully poſting to relieve the wants,
The numerous wants of a fond paromour,
And helpleſs infant progeny; for whom
With chearfull face, and hands inur'd to toil,
Succeſſively he labour'd, nor repin'd
At the ſtern threatnings of adverſity;

But with a huſband's, and a farther's care,
Still cheerfully avail'd him of his taſk,
And with avidity each offer ſeiz'd,
That offer'd kindly for their common good:
Where is his wife, the ſoother of his cares,
The ſweet, fond partner of his every grief?
Like vanquiſh'd Siſera's wife, by Deborah ſung,
She ſits expecting, till her lord comes home:
But vain alas, ſhe waits her lord's return;
The object of her fond inquietude
No more returns to ſooth the throbbings of her breaſt:
In vain ſhe liſtens each ſucceſſive ſound,
In vain ſhe calls him through the midnight ſtorm;
No ſtep reſponſive cheers her liſt'ning ear;
No kindly voice relieves her fearful heart;
But all deſtruction to her houſe ſhe turns,
And there endeavours, with her pratling brood,
To ſtill the penſive boadings of her ſoul,
That throng upon her agitated mind,
And multiply the horrors of the night:
It proves abortive, unſucceſsful all;
No reaſoning, no philoſophy can ſerve
To counteract the native calls of love;
That genuine voice of nature in the heart,
Which like an engine, wrought by niceſt ſkill,
Plays on the paſſions with a maſter's hand;
The power of love all other force defies:
Grey bearded moraliſts, or ſage divines,
Abetted by proud reaſon's arguments

Can ne'er reſiſt in human breaſts her ſway.
Misfortune (in perſpective) when beheld
By moralizing men with ſlight contempt,
May then be view'd; but when on near approach,
Calamities thus jeer'd become our own,
We feel the ſolid weight, the real pang
That gives ſubſtantial reaſon for complaint:
'Tis then that philoſophic reaſoning yields,
To the unqueſtionable voice of nature,
And man, juſt what he is, a man appears,
So circumſtanc'd, within her little hut,
In all the agonies that rack the ſoul,
Sat our fair female; not one dawn of hope
Nor ray of reaſon can relieve her mind,
When every moment more alarms her fears.
The night in tedious ſad expectant ſpent,
At length gives way to light, and with day's dawn
The ſtorm ſubſides; ſhe quits her humble ſhed,
And to the well known way her ſpouſe oft us'd,
She hies impatient; there to learn from chance,
The dreaded tidings of her much fear'd love;
His wonted courſe acroſs the river lay;
With haſty ſteps its margin ſhe explores;
Then runs precipitate to where the bridge,
To trav'lers gave free paſſage o'er the ſtream:
But the high ſwollen brook's unuſual force
Had ſwept away the temporary path,
And left it pathleſs; this with grief ſhe ſees;
Doubt turn to demonſtration; hopes no more

Support her ſinking heart; agaſt ſhe flies
Along the rivulet's meandring verge;
Nor far ſhe flies, for ſorrowful to ſay,
Juſt where a turning eddy of the ſtream,
Inceſſant laves againſt the tufted clumps
Of falling alders, ſhe her maſter finds,
Breathleſs and cold, upon the pebbled beach.
Juſt Heaven! ſhe ſhrieks, then with convulſive grief,
Falls pale and lifeleſs on her huſband's corpſe.

Soft fall the curtain o'er this ſcene of woe,
Nor thou, O Muſe, be too inquiſitive,
But ſtop and ſhed that tributary tear,
Which virtue, link'd in nature, owes diſtreſs;
Nor fondly tracing on the doleful ſcene,
Impoſe ſuch taſk of ſentimental woe,
As would o'ercharge the ſympathetic heart,
And pour in briny torrents from the eye:
It were too much; the kindly heart that heaves
One gentle ſigh, or weeps at other's woes,
Fills virtue's claim and cancel's nature's bond.

Ah! little think you, you whom Heaven has plac'd,
Far plac'd above the reach of fortune's frown;
In the ſoft chambers of magnificence,
With all the luxuries of wealth and ſtate,
Gay glittering titles, and the empty ſhow
That ſtamps the fancied vain ſuperior worth,
On man, whom nature ne'er ſuperior doom'd;

Who rack invention for voluptuouſneſs;
Who not content with nature's common gifts,
Seek more than nature yields to gratify
Deſires, far more voracious than in brutes;
Whoſe pride, the produce of domeſtic thrift,
Contents not; but with ſtill unſated wiſh
Vies with ſovereignty, in pitch of pride:
Crowded by trains of fawning ſycophants,
Who with baſe flattery would ſooth the ear
Of him, who like th' ungrateful idol, hears
Their clamorous importunity unmov'd;
Wearied with waiting, in the long levee,
From day to day, to dance attendance vile,
On the perfidious courtly promiſer;
Who in his promiſe, meant nor more nor leſs,
Than he that bows complaiſant to the crowd.

Flatt'ry, thou leaſt of human ornaments;
What paſſion prompts thee, or what needs thy aid;
Virtue can ne'er ſolicit thy applauſe,
Applauded from within; ſhe muſt deteſt
Groſs adulation: no—'tis vice that needs
Such weak ſupports as theſe, ſooth'd by the blaſts
That mean hypocriſy preſents, as praiſe:
She courts it ſtill, miſtaking truth for falſhood;
Yes, here we grant you flattery is good;
Tho' we poſſeſs no virtues in ourſelves,
It yet informs us what we ought to be.
Yes—'tis to you, you rich in power and eaſe,

To you I chaunt the pity prompting ſtrain;
Nor let the dirge, attun'd in fell diſtreſs,
Be vainly ſounded on your callous ears:
Kind providence in you has plac'd the means,
The principles of pity and redreſs.

When the thick tempeſt gathering from the north,
Spreads ample deſolation in its courſe,
Hard preſſing on the peaſant's little hut;
Keen through each cranny blows the ſhivering gale,
Which with an unabated rage, aſſaults
This chearleſs tenement; whilſt from within,
Unnumber'd woes preſs hard and thick upon him;
Here hunger, (moſt implacable of evils)
Stares in his face, whilſt his habiliments
Grown mean and tatter'd from all frequent uſe,
Repel not half the fury of the ſtorm:
Nay, all the dire concommitants that wait
On ſtarving indigence attack his cell.
Then think ye rich, by fortune kindly plac'd
Above the reach of ſuch calamity;
You cannot if you would conceive the woes,
The numerous woes, that poverty attend:
Know then that you are Heaven's plac'd ſtewards here,
Nor in your office deal unworthily,
Nor by extortion nor embezzlement;
For know that you accountable ſhall ſtand,
To him who warrants your authority.

There was a time when kind benevolence
And generous hoſpitality in man,
Was deem'd a virtue, laudable as good;
When every heart with emulation ſtrove,
Who ſhould excel in charitable deeds:
Thrice happy days! when our illuſtrious ſires,
Inſpir'd by that benevolence which warm'd
Their patriotic ſouls to gen'ral love;
Tho' not illuſtrious as their future ſons,
In gilded titles and the funds of wealth,
In theſe modern times throw luſtre round.

Ere commerce had unfurl'd her vent'rous ſail,
To tempt the fickle boſom of the ſea;
Drawn by the magnet of luxurious pride,
From foreign regions and remoteſt climes,
New ſources of profuſion to collect;
Tho' nature kindly, with a laviſh hand,
Had o'er our iſland, with exuberance pour'd
The choiceſt ſtores of neceſſary bleſſings:
Ere this, our happy anceſtors maintain'd
That gen'rous character, that mark'd their lives
With native honour and romantic virtue.
Werter, the great, the gen'rous, and the good,
Amongſt this liſt, ſtood high in eminence:
Sorrow in vain ne'er ſought his ready aid;
Ere half he'd heard the lamentable tale,
His liberal hand was lifted to relieve;
Like preſcient Heaven, t' anticipate

The heart's diſtreſs, before the tongue could ſpeak;
His ear impartial each petition heard,
Nor would he ſuffer with impunity,
The lordly tyrants, (that around him liv'd)
To trample on the liberty of thoſe
Whom fortune, or whom nature made too weak,
T' oppoſe reſiſtance to a deſpot's rage.

'Twas on a dreary, darkſome winter's night
Of bleak December, when the chilling winds,
Keen from the north, o'er Caledonia blow;
Thick fell the ſilent ſnow; no kindly ſtar
Sheds its bright radience, to illume the ſcene
Of gloomy horror that around prevail'd,
Save what reflected from the argent ſhower
That fell, and falling on the ſpreading trees,
Form'd lucid incruſtations round their boughs:
On ſuch a night with every circumſtance
That here ſeems horrible, juſt as the bell
Of Werter's hall, the edict curfew rung;
A haſty knock was at the portal heard:
The gen'rous maſter of the manſion roſe,
Nor idly ſauntering for his ſervant'd aid,
Haſten'd in perſon to the palace gate;
But what muſt be his ſorrow and ſurpriſe?
Inſtead of chearful viſitants, when here,
With dire aſtoniſhment, he proſtrate views
A female ſhape, extended on the ground:
Liſeleſs ſhe ſeem'd, whilſt o'er her ſtiff'ning corps,

(In attitudes that ſpoke extremeſt woe)
A man that ſeem'd her huſband ſtood, whilſt by
Three youthful daughters, and an infant ſon,
Bewail'd in loud laments their mother's fate:
'Twas not a ſeaſon to interrogate,
Nor aſk the fatal cauſes, that had lead
Theſe poor unhappy ſtrangers to his door;
The god-like ſoul of Werter was alarm'd.
Incited by that power that ſpurs the heart
Swift to the ſudden burſt of human love,
He ſeiz'd the lifeleſs matron in his arms,
And with the fond aſſiſtance of her ſpouſe,
In mingled ſorrow, bore her to the hall,
Where with aſſidious chafing, cordials kind,
And other applications well applied,
They ſoon diſcover'd ſigns of perfect life,
Which gave new ſpirits to the drooping train.
She breathes, ſhe ſpeaks, but in ſo weak a ſtile
The feble ſymptoms of reviviſence,
As yet forbid their certainty of joy.
A deadly paleneſs ſat upon her cheek,
Dull ſhone the native luſtre of her eye,
The heart irregular and various, throbs,
And life hangs doubtful on her quivering lips:
How is my Ella, cried the good old man,
How is our mother, cried the children round:
Oh! I am ſick, where am I? Oſwald ſpeak,
Are we yet in the curſed Albert's hands?
No, ſoft, my dear, return'd her kindly ſpouſe,

Be not discomfited, no Albert's here;
Safe in a gen'rous doom, tho' yet unknown,
We find a sanctuary from his rage.

What Albert, said the hospitable lord,
Whose anxious mind had long been on the rack,
To know what cause so strange had brought
These hapless strangers to his door so late;
What tyrant, what inexorable wretch,
With more than hellish cruelty inspir'd,
Could with a ruffian's hand thus thrust you out,
Expos'd to all the bitterness of woe?
When Oswald thus, my lord, my generous lord,
For lordly generous have your actions prov'd,
And all your deeds the epithet assert:
This Albert curs'd, for whom my wife but now
Seem'd to possess that apprehensive dread,
Reigns mighty master of a vast domain
In this vicinity, not far remote,
A mighty baron of extended power,
Whose numerous vassals muster'd in the field
Impress with terror his surrounding peers;
From him but late 'twas fatally my lot,
As custom is in military tenure,
To hold a little, but a fruitful farm.
Hither my Ellen and myself repair'd,
When first we pledg'd our matrimonial vows,
For erst, my lord, we had known better days;
But at that time our fortune rather chang'd,

And we ſubmitted humbly to that fate,
Which all wiſe Providence to us aſſign'd;
Nor murmur'd we at this our lowly lot,
But with a mutual cheerfullneſs beguil'd
The tidious hours of our induſtrious toil:
Here long we liv'd the happieſt of the poor
In calm repoſe, unenvied undiſturb'd,
I in my Ellen bleſt, whilſt mine the taſk
Was daily to improve my little farm,
And tend the flocks that feed the verdant plain.
But let me be conciſe, all gracious Heaven,
With four fair children crown'd our faithful loves,
Three blooming daughters and a darling ſon;
Our eldeſt in that period now of life,
When youthful beauties captivate the heart;
The crimſon hue that glow'd upon her cheek,
The radient luſtre ſparkling in her eye,
But more than all her native modeſty,
Which ſhone tranſcendently o'er all her charms,
Made common beauty ſeem in her divine.
But ah! forgive a father's fondneſs here
In painting this fair picture of my child;
Here ſtands, my lord, the ſweet original,
Virtuouſly innocent and heavenly fair;
Her late the luſtful Baron Albert mark'd
In meditated purpoſe to deceive,
To lure with flatt'ring and ſeducing wiles,
To proſtitution and to infamy,
The darling virtuous daughter of my age:

Him I detected in his proſpects vile,
Led by ſuſpicion to inſpect his ways,
His counterfeit punctillious which but ſerv'd
More to corroborate his guilty ſchemes;
Him I upbraided with his foul deſign,
Urg'd all his baſeneſs; yes my lord I dar'd,
But dar'd him to my coſt, what could I do?
I wept, expoſtulated, and complain'd
In all the fury of parental love.
Had his pretenſions been on honour built
Or his deſigns conſiſtent with his rank,
Still wiſely mindfull of that humble ſphere
In which I liv'd, ſtill with a father's care,
That care, each parent for his child ſhould ſhew
Who wiſe in judgments, ſuch diſparities
Of title, rank, diſtinction, and of birth,
I wou'd have check'd the fatal intercourſe,
Conſcious from common ſenſe, it were in vain
From ſuch connections diſproportionate
A happy iſſue ever to expect.—
My wife, kind partner of my every care,
Warn'd me to dread the cruel tyrant's rage,
Her arguments, ſupplied by ſober reaſon,
Where more moderate than my reſolves,
But little ſooth'd my agitated mind:
She ſaid as yet the tyrants impious aims,
By Heaven's all gracious interpoſing hand,
Had been prevented, and our daughters virtue,
As yet unſullied, ſtood without reproach;

That thus ſo criminal howe'er his purpoſe,
Now fruſtrate, we ſhould every look paſs o'er,
That bore the ſtern appearance of revenge,
And tho' however we with inward rage
Might burn vindictive, yet our outward face
Should wear the ſmile of ſweet complacency,
And lowly condeſcenſion to our lord.
You know ſays ſhe, our little all depends
Upon the caprice of the tyrant's nod;
Then let us learn to manage well the point,
The point on which we critically ſtand;
You know, continued ſhe, as yet there ſtands
Due to our lord, ſome large arrears of rent;
Which, being now unable to diſcharge,
'Twere better far to ſuffer this than worſe.
Well ſhe adviſ'd, but me adviſ'd in vain,
Whoſe ſoul ne'er ſtoop'd to brook approbrious wrongs
Whom but the bare intention of offence
Could have provok'd into a mortal hate.
When ſacred Heaven the human ſoul compos'd,
He fix'd in it two reigning principles,
The one the love of ſweet ſociety,
Inſpir'd by which, our fortunes we beſtow
To the defence and ſuccour of our friends;
The other, and by far moſt prevalent,
Is call'd ſelf love, which actuating power,
More than our fortunes, even our lives calls forth,
To riſk in the protection of ourſelves.
This inſult offer'd to my boſom child

Extended virtually unto myself;
I felt the sharpness with a father's rage,
Nor could determine to forgive a crime,
That threw a shade of infamy and gilt
Upon the lustre of our family.
In most invective railings, I complain'd
Of his unkindness and the base design,
He wickedly intended on her honour;
Like the ferocious panther, when depriv'd
Of the hard hunted prey, when just possest,
Raging with disappointment and the pangs
Of keenest hunger, so with eyes that spoke
A furious storm, collecting in his soul,
The ireful baron frown'd at this rebuke,
And sternly left me to anticipate
The fatal operations of his power.
That self same night, pursuant to his rage,
A band of his domestic menials came,
Who with a fierceness that bespoke their souls
More savage than unciviliz'd mankind,
Plunder'd my house of all its furniture,
Our cattle seiz'd, insulted me in terms
The most approbrious, as they dragg'd us forth
Expos'd to all the horrors of the night.
Led by that fair report which fame had spread
Of your munificence, with weary steps,
We this way bent our sad, uncertain route,
In hopes from you, my gen'rous lord, to find
A safe protection from the despot's wrath;

Where, thanks to Heaven and your all liberal heart,
We have not fail'd in finding what we ſought,
The gen'rous ſoul that, warm'd by ſympathy,
Feels ſoft affliction in another's woe,
Proves, evidently proves its high deſcent,
And claims congeniality with Heaven.

The ſoul of Werter melted at the tale,
A tear of pity trickl'd down his cheek,
Nor could he ſpeak what mercy made him feel.
And is it thus, ſaid he, that men poſſeſs
In vain the bleſſings of all bounteous Heaven;
Thus, tyrant like, to lord it o'er their fellows,
To bend the feeble hands of indigence
With abject manacles, and gall the necks
Of thoſe, perhaps, in nature their ſuperiors?
Is it for this the rich enjoy their power,
But to impoſe new miſeries on thoſe
Whom fortune's hand hath plung'd in deepeſt woe?
Ill fits the pigmy tyrants of the world
This arrogance, aſſum'd to imitate,
Like Heaven, omnipotence, above their equal.
I doubt it not, theſe bleſſings I enjoy
From Heaven, are but on thoſe conditions giv'n,
That I relieve where e'er misfortune calls;
The weak, oppreſs'd, the mournfull and the poor;
All who have felt the ſtroke of fortune's laſh,
The outcaſts of the world, tho' not of Heaven,
With me my fortune ſhall participate.

Thus he the ſentimental comment ceas'd,
Then led the chilly ſtrangers to his hall,
With kindeſt entertainment there refreſh'd,
And cheer'd their drooping melancholy ſpirits,
That ſat depreſs'd beneath the load of woe,
Which ruffian tyranny had baſely heap'd
On their unequal ſhoulders; here, ſecur'd
From the rude graſp of ill-us'd power, they find
A kind protection from the princely lord.
Ye ſons of luxury, who, through life's voyage
Profuſely wallow in voluptuouſneſs,
Shake off the plumes of arrogance and pride;
Theſe foul diſparagements of human greatneſs,
Nor think that grandeur and miſguided power
Can ſtamp a value on the man they deck.
No man's intrinſic value is contain'd
Within himſelf, like to the precious ore,
Titles on man, like coin on money, may
Render him paſſable a while with fools,
But worth alone is current with the wiſe.
And thou, fair nymph of heavenly origin,
Sweet charity, that o'er the human mind
Erſt ſhed thy genial influence, but now
Diſcarded art like things unfaſhionable;
From whence, alas, proceeds this rueful change,
From what, beheld in thee, ſprings this contempt;
The world yet needs thee, thouſands yet endure
The bitter blaſts of keen adverſity;
Thouſands yet ſink beneath the load of woe,

Who ſeek, but ſeek in vain thy wanted aid.
When, driv'n by the fierce aſſaulting blaſts
Of wintry ſtorm, the peaſant ſeeks his ſhed,
Immur'd in penſive ſolitude and want,
He ſits cloſe priſoner, unable now
His common taſk of labour to purſue,
Whilſt the tempeſtuous hurricane aſſails
His lowly hut, and the faſt falling ſnows
Envelope round his dungeon of diſtreſs,
Whilſt from within unnumber'd woes ariſe,
And ſtare him ghaſtly frightful in the face.
Their infant brood about their parents cling.
And, with inceſſant and heart-rending cries,
In vain petition to their ſire for bread:
He hears their cry, unable to relieve,
Whilſt from his eye the genuine tears of woe,
Faſt trickling down bedew his blanched cheek;
His wife the helpleſs partner in his want,
Sits by intranc'd in ſilent, ſtupid woe.
Oh! hideous ſcene, that man ſhould ever feel
Such complicated burdens of diſtreſs;
Awake, ye ſons of diſſipation, 'wake,
A moment ſpare from your feſtivity,
And view the mournful manſions of the poor.
Oh! poverty, thou worſt of human ills,
Parent of pain, of famine, care, and death,
How far extended is thy empire ſpread,
And yet one half of earth's inhabitants
Have known thee not, nor even felt thy ſcourge.

Oft haſt thou, with implacable purſuit,
Hard preſs'd me, when I ſtrain'd my every nerve,
If poſſible to ſhrink from thy foul clutch;
No place, however ſacred or ſecure,
Could hide me from thy cloſe-purſuing rage.
But thou, O Heaven, with all-protecting hand;
(From this vile enemy, this abject foe,
Whoſe wrath no parly ever could appeaſe)
Shalt me defend, and though collected ſtand,
In dread array, the complicated ſtore
Of dire calamities and all the ills
That vex mankind, yet ſtill upborn by thee
My ſoul in proud defiance ſhall exult
And ſtand undaunted 'midſt the blaſts of woe.

Tranſlation of a Part of the Hiſtory of the Incas, or the Deſtruction of the Empire of Peru.

ARGUMENT.

Herman Cortez, who commanded the Spaniſh expedition in South America, having impoſed upon the credulity, and ingratiated himſelf into the good opinion of ſeveral of the Mexican Caciques, or princes of the empire, by perſuading them he was come to ſuppreſs the tyranny and overgrown power of Montezuma, and to eſtabliſhed their own independency, conducts his meaſures with ſuch policy, courteſy, and addreſs, that ſeveral of the chiefs of the country voluntarily engaged to become of his party, and to aſſiſt him againſt their emperor. Cortez, having thus augmented his army by the enliſtment of theſe auxiliary Caciques, ſoon appears at the head of a formidable body of forces. Montezuma, alarmed at the audacious conduct of Cortez, who had already, by haſty marches, penetrated into the very interior of his empire, remonſtrates againſt his arrogant and inimical proceedings, which the Caſtilian liſtens to with apparent negligence and contempt. Montezuma ſtill hoping to ſucceed in an accommodation, rather than come to a rupture with men, whom he

deems of a ſuperior nature, an embaſſy is accordingly prepared, together with preſents of an immenſe value, which are ſent to the camp of the Spaniards, with which he hoped, if poſſible, to divert the intentions of the general. He accepts the preſents, but ſtedfaſtly perſiſts in his firſt reſolution, viz. of coming to an interview with Montezuma, which affair the emperor declines with a great deal of addreſs, and very politely offers many objections in vindication of his behaviour. About this time the poem commences. Orizimbo, one of the nephews of Montezuma, after the total conqueſt of the empire, and the death of the emperor, attended by a great number of the royal party, flies with his friends to the court of the Incas of Peru, there to ſolicit the protection and aſſiſtance of theſe princes, before one of whom he relates the melancholy circumſtance of the fatal deſtruction of his native country of Mexico, which narative is the ſubject of the greateſt part of this poem.

THE mighty ſov'reign now ſurvey'd with dread,
Wide o'er his empire ſad dejection ſpread;
The numerous princes that compoſe his ſtate,
Deſert him in his ſad reverſe of fate:
He ſeeks, but vainly ſeeks to find relief,
Fearful to whom to truſt his ſureſt grief.
Great Montezuma, long had fill'd the throne,
Till now, alike to every fear unknown;
His mighty anceſtors of race divine,
Had worn the crown in long ſucceſſive line;

Eight powerful kings had fill'd the regal place,
He made the ninth of that illuſtrious race.
His noble form was faſhion'd to delight,
Wiſe in the council, vig'rous in the fight.
Regions remote he ſhook with dire alarms,
Or forc'd to yield to his victorious arms.
To rule was all the paſſion of his ſoul,
And with ſuperior hand his princes to controul!
Yet tho' extended wide his empire lay,
Tho' numerous provinces confeſs'd his ſway;
Tho' wealthy ſov'reigns crouch'd at his command,
Still diſaffection lurk'd within his land:
Numbers in ſecret mark'd his growing pride,
But, hopeleſs of redreſs, their murmurs hide.
From foes like theſe the prince had naught to dread,
Whilſt well ſupported order ſhields his head.
But now a foe more terrible appears
To prove his proweſs and excite his fears;
Wide through his lands, in terrible array,
Victorious Cortez, urg'd his onward way.
Great Montezuma, his advances ſaw
With ſad concern, and ſhook with panic awe.
What are theſe men? th' afflicted prince exclaim'd,
They ſeem of more than human nature fram'd;
Their manners, language, and their different hue
Shew them ſublimely terrible to view:
Like gods in enterpriſe, their actions prove
Their high deſcent and origin above;

Concurring rumours ſtill in this agree
T' aſſert their high ſuperiority.
Theſe huge machines, which, ſteer'd by their command
O'er ſtormy ſeas, have brought them to our land,
Whoſe ample pinions, flutt'ring in the breeze,
Seem'd like a floating foreſt on the ſeas;
And theſe tremendous engines loudly dire,
That vomit from their mouths deſtructive fire;
Thoſe monſt'rous animals which they beſtride,
And with facility and order guide;
All theſe to prove their high deſcent combine,
And check the folly of our raſh deſign.
Then let us ſtrive to parly with a foe
Who ſuch ſuperior ſkill and proweſs ſhew;
Rich preſents offer'd may their hearts engage,
And turn aſide the torrent of their rage.
Thus ſpoke the king, the grave aſſembly heard,
A ſilent ſadneſs in their looks appear'd;
To contradict the kings reſolve is vain,
Still poſitive in what he ſhall ordain,
To them no mild alternatives remain:
Rich gifts in the commiſſion they incloſe,
And loads of wealth their ſervile bribe compoſe;
The embaſſy prepared by his command,
Is then entruſted to a faithful band:
Thus charg'd they haſte to the Caſtillian train,
Who lie encamp'd upon the eaſtern plain:
Here ſoon arriv'd their embaſſy they ſhew,
And at the general's feet their off'rings throw;

Th' audacious Cortez, with indignant air,
Accepts the preſents, but rejects the prayer,
Refuſes longer reſtive to remain
Teaz'd with delays upon the barren plain,
Urges an interview: in vain they plead,
Their juſt remonſtrance can but ill ſucceed;
Fain this diſgraceful parley they'd refuſe,
Their king's reſerve and ſhyneſs, fain excuſe.
In vain apologies like theſe they bring
To him reſolv'd on viſiting their king;
Back to their prince the injur'd cheifs return,
And for their country fate in ſilence mourn.
At Montezuma's place ſoon they wait,
And all their fruitleſs embaſſy relate:
Cortez, ſaid they, inſpir'd with matchleſs pride,
Our gifts receiv'd but our requeſts deny'd;
Still' with audacity, he doth demand
Free leave, to march his forces through our land;
Shall we with abject meanneſs then receive
The terms, that this inſulter deigns to give?
No: arm our forces and their vengeance brave,
No Mexican will yield to be a ſtranger's ſlave.
The Cacique thus, when thus the king replied;
No arms ſhall yet this dread event decide,
That be our laſt reſource, but yet again
Know firſt what gifts and preſents can obtain:
Another off'ring for their chief prepare,
And ſtill avoid the iſſue of a war;

Tell him that interviews are ſervile things,
Beneath the ſacred dignity of kings.
The cheifs again obedient to their king
To Herman's tent their coſtly preſents bring;
The general, as before, their gifts receives,
And the ſame anſwer to the envoys gives.
But what was now their horror and ſurpriſe,
To ſee him join'd by numberleſs allies?
The diſaffected chiefs had join'd his train,
And led their forces on the op'ning plain.
The chief of Zampoalla foremoſt ſtood,
To Montezuma near allied in blood,
See here ſaid Cortez, pointing to his friends,
See here the aid Heaven to its favourite ſends;
To you I promis'd freedom and redreſs,
Be firm, be free, you ſhall not find me leſs;
To me alone the injury belongs,
'Tis mine to puniſh then theſe obvious wrongs:
Your prince uninjur'd, ſternly has decreed
That we theſe territories quit with ſpeed;
With him an interview I ſue'd in vain,
Still that conferrence hopeleſs to obtain;
This low requeſt ſtill harſhly he denies,
Contemns my vengeance and my power defies:
But ſay ſhall he your ſovereign thus engage
With foul impunity to mock my rage?
No: injur'd as I am I ſtill poſſeſs
The means of my revenge, and your redreſs.
Thus Cortez ſpoke, when thus the chief reply'd
Whoſe boſom glow'd with patriotic pride,

Preſumptious man can nothing check thy ſoul
Nor pray'rs nor gifts, thy hoſtile rage controul?
Still thus refuſe on terms t' accommodate,
And urge to cruel war our tranquil ſtate,
To thee our emperor, on friendſhip bent,
Hath peaceful terms and coſtly preſents ſent:
Here when a ſtranger, in a land unkown,
Hath he to you a kind reception ſhewn,
What honour ſanctions in a king to do
He will perform, but meanneſs ne'er will ſhew,
Nor from imperial dignity will bow;
Then at your peril ſeek to urge no more,
But ſtraight prepare to leave this peaceful ſhore;
The winds blow fair, your ſhips are at the ſtrand,
To-morrow you prepare to leave the land,
Nor longer ling'ring thwart his high command,
Leſt vengence long forborn, with double dread,
Shall hurl deſtruction on your guilty head;
The chief thus ended; when thus Cortez ſpoke,
Nor war I ſeek, nor ſtudy to provoke;
Your prince I honour, but my maſter more,
Nor will I baſely quit this interdicted ſhore;
To-morrow wait me, near the watry main,
There my reſolves and purpoſes I'll explain.
Thus Cortez, with a countenance ſerene,
Whilſt deep ſuffuſion kindl'd in his mein,
Beckon'd his troops, the ready troops obey,
But foremoſt brave Pizarro leads the way:
With loud applauſe his conduct they admire,
In ſilent rage the Mexican's retire;

Their tale of fruitleſs embaſſy to bring,
Sad conſolation to the anxious king.
Now to the tent, where mighty Cortez lay,
A band of Spaniards, ruſh'd in ſad diſmay;
With them the general ſecretly retires,
And ſoon the cauſe of this alarm enquires;
Inform'd, the chieftain to his army flies,
With rage and horror ſparkling in his eyes;
Bids them to arm and for the march prepare,
With him new toils and enterpriſe to ſhare:
So ſaid, he quickly leads the glitt'ring hoſt,
In form'd battalions, to the winding coaſt;
Here on the margin of the foaming flood,
In gothic taſte, a ſtately temple ſtood;
To this Pizarro leads his martial train,
Who furious ruſh into the ſacred fane,
Juſt when the people, with religious care,
Had met to urge their gods with frantic pray'r,
When now the prieſts, amid the mingl'd cries,
With murd'ring hands, prepare the ſacrifice
Of human victims, which infernal ſight
The Spaniards ſtruck with horror and affright.
Amongſt the number deſtined to the flame
A youthful pair of royal aſpect came;
Their mein was mark'd with a majeſtic air,
And more than vulgar grief they ſeem'd to ſhare:
The firſt a youth, upon whoſe blooming face,
Sat majeſty and every manly grace;
The other victim was a blooming maid,
Whoſe looks a virgin's modeſty diſplay'd;

One mutual love within their boſom's burn'd,
And each the other's woes ſucceſſive mourn'd;
Theſe to the alter led, with ſtreaming eyes
Sue for releaſe in vain with piteous cries;
Expiring in deſpair, join'd hand in hand,
Before the ſanguinary pier they ſtand;
The ſavage prieſt with his upliſted knife,
In haſte prepares to terminate their life;
A numerous concourſe at the rites attend,
That to their cruel gods devoutly bend;
But now the Spaniards ruſh amidſt the crowd,
Whilſt to their gods the Indians call aloud,
Implore their vengeance on the impious band
Who thus their rites ſuſpend with ſacriligious hand;
Increaſing ſtill, the tumult grows more loud,
And indicates fell danger in the crowd:
But Herman, who with penetrating view,
Beheld the ill effects that might enſue,
Attended by his guards, now ſweeps along,
And ruſhes furious on the murmuring throng.
High on a gallery in lofty ſtate,
In regal pomp their prince reſplendent ſat.
Cortez, with fury glowing in his face,
Fierce as a panther mounts the royal place,
Graſps in one hand the prince unnerv'd by fear,
And in the other ſhakes the threat'ning ſpear,
That ſeems prepared with one deſcending blow,
To end at once his terror and his woe.
When Cortez thus began, lay down your arms
Nor further urge theſe mutinous alarms—

Deſiſt, or here by Heaven your prince ſhall fall,
And common maſſacre involve you all;
The ſword, impending o'er the prince's head,
Impreſs'd th' aſtoniſh'd hoſt with ſudden dread;
The mein of Cortez, damp'd by no controul,
Struck horror and ſurpriſe on every ſoul;
His reſolutions terrible they ſaw,
The plot is ſtifled and they gaze in awe;
For could their minds with leſs than awe behold
A man thus impious, inſolent, and bold,
Who madman like durſt enter theſe abodes,
And interrupt the worſhip of their gods;
Such intrepidity his actions bore,
Himſelf an aſpect more than human wore;
With voice imperious Cortez now commands
The prieſt t' unbind the trembling victims hands,
Who pale behind the bloody altar lay,
The prieſt appall'd in ready haſte obey;
Then mounting up on high, the godlike man
To the confounded audience thus began:
Attend ye ſlaves, that here in ſilence bend,
Do thus your gods their worſhipers defend?
Thus treat their votaries with due reſpect,
Your perſons and their temples thus protect,
What magic ſpells their thunders now engage?
What mighty charms prevent their preſent rage?
Like you a man, Heav'n's equal gifts I ſhare,
Feed as you feed, and breathe one common air:
Why then ſuſpended can their vengeance lie,
And I unpuniſh'd here their rage defy?

Away, your errors and your crimes repent,
And know your gods are falſe and impotent;
Phantoms they are, by hypocrites obey'd,
Which your religious fears have idols made;
Gods who dire ſlaughters have with pleaſure view'd,
Pleas'd but with human ſacrifice and blood.
Can ſuch impoſters e'er your minds deceive,
Or you their wonder working power believe?
Or if you can believe, can you adore
Gods, common ſenſe ſhould teach you to abhor?
A worſhip thus deteſtable abjure,
For one more innocent, refin'd, and pure.
Renounce theſe errors of miſtaken youth,
And, by conviction led, embrace the truth;
No more theſe deities by you ador'd,
No more theſe idol gods ſhall be implor'd;
Soon ſhall the kindling flames their rage employ,
Theſe prieſtly falſe impoſters to deſtroy,
Here Cortez ceas'd, and the advantage took,
Of that ſurpriſe, that each ſpectator ſhook;
Pizarro and his train he ſtraight commands
To ſeize the gods with ſacriligious hands;
And from their altars where they long had ſtood,
To pull them down and tread them in the mud;
Deeper and deeper ſtill their horror grew,
With ſtupid awe this final ſtroke they view,
With dire expectance wait their temples fall,
And common vengeance to involve them all:
In vain they wait, ſecure the temple ſtands,
Down fall their idols by Pizarro's hands,

Roll'd in the mire, with due contempt are ſpurn'd,
Or in the ſpreading flames to aſhes burn'd.
When thus Pizarro, in whoſe lovely mien,
Sat comely eaſe and majeſty ſerene :
Here Mexicans, your fallen gods behold,
Torn from their ſhrines and in the kennels roll'd;
To theſe dam'd idols, barbarous as vain,
Millions of fellow creatures you have ſlain ;
Uſe now your eyes, the impious fraud is gone,
And view with horror what you once have done,
He ceas'd, then orders forth the youthful pair,
Who yet were captives in the pontiff's care,
Live, my fair children (ſaid Pizarro) live,
Enjoy yourſelves and life to other's give :
May eaſe and quiet crown your future days,
And Heav'n receive your gratitude and praiſe ;
For happier purpoſes your lives preſerve,
Your prince, your country, or your friends to ſerve,
When they in reaſon may demand your aid,
Be then your ſacrifice in honour made ;
They there in juſtice for your lives may call,
But here 'tis murder, by your prieſts to fall ;
And thou, Azuma, youthful form divine,
Accept thy love, and may he ſtill be thine ;
With him, both happy, to your homes return,
Nor ever find a future cauſe to mourn,
Still may your love augmented pleaſures know,
And Heaven protect your lives from every woe.
Pizarro ceas'd, confounded with ſurpriſe,
A ſhower of tears burſt from Azuma's eyes :

Prone at his feet her proſtrate lover lay,
His gratitude unable to diſplay.
Strange admiration fills th' aſtoniſh'd hoſt,
They ſeem'd in ſilent veneration loſt;
The chang'd opinion that had taken place
In every mind, appear'd in ev'ry face;
Their numerous idols, from their altar's torn,
They now inſulting ſpurn with frantic ſcorn.
Unhappy wretches, who from earlieſt years,
Had dragg'd the chains of ſuperſtitious fears;
Who long had crouch'd beneath the tyrant-rods
Of ſordid prieſts and ſanguinary gods;
Inur'd to bondage, ignorance, and pains,
Thus on a ſudden reſcu'd from their chains,
Hold up their heads in raptur'd extacy,
And taſte the air of gracious liberty.
Like to the features, which we here deſcribe,
Appear'd the ſtate of Zempoallo's tribe;
A while foreboding fears their minds employ
That fetter down their yet uncertain joy,
Fearful that yet the wrath of Heaven reſtrain'd,
In dire ſuſpence, this interval maintain'd
With dormont horror, but anon to fall
With more compleat deſtruction on them all:
But when their gods they mutilated view'd,
Torn from their ſhrines and o'er the pavement ſtrew'd,
Their loud acclaims and raptures now unfeign'd,
Shew all their late devotions but conſtrain'd,

Their hypocritic worſhip, inſincere,
Not th' effects of religion, but their fear;
Then in their hearts they ſecretly abhor'd
Thoſe very deities their lips implor'd,
Heaven is all juſt the attentive Inca cried,
Nor can by ſuch attrocious frauds abide,
Can prejudice our reaſon thus controul?
Thus clog the powers of an illuſtrious ſoul,
To bow to idols and with fervent pray'r,
T' implore thoſe very gods our hands prepare?
Reaſon, that heavenly guide, when unconfin'd,
Alike directs, informs, and ſhews mankind,
That but one God alone thro' nature reigns,
Whoſe ſingle power, conjunctive rule diſdains,
Such, doubtleſs, is the God theſe ſtrangers fear,
Incited by conviction to revere:
How great, how grand that deity muſt prove,
How infinite in mercy and in love!
That could attract the worſhip and eſteem
Of men like theſe, we more than human deem.
The Inca ceas'd, when thus the chief replied,
With raſh or biaſs'd judgment ne'er decide;
Theſe men whom you, miſtaken, deem divine,
Whoſe virtues thus you think illuſtrious ſhine,
Are but a ruthleſs fell marauding train,
That by hypocriſy their ſchemes maintain,
Ferocious tygers ſtain'd with human gore
Who devaſtation ſpread from ſhore to ſhore;
Such are theſe men, whence aptly we infer,
Congenial is the God which they revere:

Theirs is a God of mildneſs they proclaim,
Beneficence and mercy mark his name:
Theſe are the ſpecious doctrines they prepare,
Our too believing Indians to enſnare.
But how contrary doctrines do they teach,
'Twixt things they practice and the themes they preach:
Fierce is their God, implacable his rage,
Nor pray'rs nor gifts his vengeance can aſſuage;
His ſanguinary ſoul delights in blood,
And all his pleaſures are averſe from good,
Know, mighty prince! that I who here relate
Their vile oppreſſion and our country's fate,
With griefs have ſeen thoſe truths I here maintain,
To their fell God, unnumber'd victims ſlain;
Even in his name have they not caus'd to flow,
Torrents of blood and fill'd our world with woe;
Nor even this his vengeance can aſſuage,
Still millions more muſt bleed to glut his rage;
Allow me yet my ſtory to purſue,
And in their proper light this people view.
Soon as the ſun had ting'd the eaſtern dawn,
Pizarro led our princes o'er the lawn,
Down to the main where near the toſſing flood,
Braving each wave, the ſhips of Cortez ſtood;
He bade us wait until his chief ſhould come
And ſee the final iſſue of our doom:
In dire ſuſpenſe we wait, whilſt every breaſt,
Appears with more than common care oppreſt;

The ſad events of the preceding day
Had bound each mind in horror and diſmay;
Th' aſcendency that Cortez had acquir'd
O'er all our cheifs, our minds with awe inſpir'd;
His virtues, or what like to virtues ſhone,
Our ſhrines demoliſh'd and our gods o'erthrown.
The ſad remembrance of theſe recent woes,
Th' audacious mien of our inſulting foes,
Seem'd on each ſoul confuſion to impoſe.
A thouſand ſad alarms each boſom rends,
And all the paſt a future woe portends;
Meanwhile as on the ſea-beat ſhore we ſtood
In ſilent wonder, each ſpectator view'd
Their vaſt canoes, prodigious to explain,
That hugely floated on the ſwelling main:
Long timbers bent, their diff'rent ſides compoſe,
Which all in regular ſucceſſion roſe;
Which ſeem'd contriv'd and bow'd with equal eaſe,
As bends the bull-ruſh to the vernal breeze,
Aloft their ample pinions wave in air,
Of ſtuff which doubtleſs they from bark prepare,
Suſpended high large poles the bark ſuſtain,
Tall as the loftieſt cedar on the plain;
Thus fixt, while o'er the deep their outſpread ſails
Are fill'd and driven by th' impulſive gales,
And hence from plain experience we find,
Theſe huge machines are govern'd by the wind,
One oar which with the veſſels ſtern connects,
Her paſſage through the trackleſs deep directs.

In ſpeculation wrapt and deep amaze,
On this flotilla wonderful we gaze.
When Cortez on the diſtant plain we view,
Attended by his formidable crew,
Swift to their ſhips the ſtern Caſtillions bend,
And nimbly their black tow'ring ſides aſcend,
Each acceſs ſeems in haſte to be explor'd,
And every Spaniard ſoon is ſeen on board.
Now a ſhort interval of dawning joy,
Does for a while each Indian's mind employ;
With active care we ſee the buſy hoſt,
As if preparing to depart our coaſt,
Dup'd by theſe flatt'ring hopes the Indian train
Impatient ſtand on the adjacent plain
To ſee our foes adventure to the main;
But ſoon theſe hopeful viſions are repreſs'd
By ſorrows unforſeen in every breaſt.
What tongue has power our wonder to diſplay?
What mind conceive our horror and diſmay?
When we behold our foes with buſied toil,
In active rage, themſelves their ſhips deſpoil,
Yards, maſts and cordage from the hulls they tear,
And to the ſhore theſe ſpoils triumphant bear:
This done, the general with a frantic hand,
Snatch'd from th' adjacent fire a flaming brand,
By his example fir'd the furious band;
Each with the ſame deſtructive weapon flies,
And to the ſhips the waſteful flame applies:

The conflagration flies with horrid ſweep,
Like fire terrific iſſuing from the deep;
From ſhip to ſhip the direful conflict flies,
And ſoon the fleet a heap of ruin lies.
And whilſt the raging flame deſtructive ran,
Th' inſulting Cortez, turning, thus began:
Indians, whilſt here ſecure theſe veſſels ſtood,
And you with doubting eyes my movements view'd;
Whilſt ſtill the means of leaving you were mine,
You and your prince might doubt of my deſign.
Go, Mexicans, and to your king relate
The wonders that are happening in your ſtate,
That if he will not friendly welcome ſhew,
Let him prepare to meet me as a foe.
He ceas'd, for our departure we provide,
Shock'd with his arrogance and hoſtile pride;
Diſmay ſtood ſtamp'd on every prince's brow,
That ſpoke the ferment of their hearts below:
Great Montezuma with impatience burn'd,
Rack'd with a thouſand doubts till we return'd;
On our reports depends the future fate
Of Montezuma and his tottering ſtate.
Around the king the princes of the line
Attended by their prieſts in ſplendour ſhine,
In fix'd attention bow'd each man to hear
The purport of the embaſſy we bear;
Check'd by the preſence of their ſacred train,
We dare not to the prince our news explain,
Their preſence but forbad us to reveal
Sad truths which 'twas their intereſts to conceal.

Their preſages ſo favourable of late
But ill reſponded to our preſent ſtate.
We durſt not to the ſage predictors ſhew
Our country's and our God's ſad overthrow,
How Herman's power our deities had found,
Inglorious burnt and daſh'd upon the ground,
Our temples ranſack'd and their prieſts abus'd,
And our moſt ſacred rites profanely us'd;
The reſt in truthful narrative we tell,
What to ourſelves and what to thoſe befel,
Meanwhile before the ſovereign we diſplay'd
The hieroglyphic pictures we had made,
On which we ſtamp'd the forms of things whoſe frames
We neither knew in purpoſes or names;
Drawings of each ſtrange object we had ta'en,
Which ſerv'd where words were wanting to explain.
The monarch heard us with a fix'd ſupriſe,
Prone on the earth he bent his penſive eyes,
A univerſal gloom his face oppreſs'd,
That ſhew'd the ſmothering anguiſh in his breaſt;
A torpid ſtupor ſeem'd to ſeize the man,
When thus with fault'ring accents he began:
Ye reverend prieſts and princes of my land,
That now before my throne obſequous ſtand,
What ſhall we ſay, what's propereſt to be done,
What reſolutions beſt to fix upon?
My heart, in wonder loſt, its pow'r forgoes,
And leaves me in unextricable woes:
Thoſe ſtrangers, who have landed on our ſhore,
To us unheard of and unknown before,

Who with contempt deride our powers ſupreme,
Who more than men in all their actions ſeem,
Who more than human in their courage ſhew,
To Heaven their mighty orgin muſt owe;
'Twixt them and us the difference is ſo wide,
As plainly ſhews them to the gods allied;
Superior powers their paſſions muſt refine,
And vindicate their race to be divine,
From all you ſay, from all that I conceive,
But prompts me more their greatneſs to believe,
Their courage and ſuperior ſkill in arms,
Have fill'd my ſoul with wonder and alarms:
What ſtrength like ours oppos'd to ſtrength divine,
'Twere madneſs to attempt the raſh deſign;
What to reſolve I know not, what adviſe,
Aſſiſt my friends, your king for counſel cries.
Thus ſpoke the prince, when great Pulpato roſe,
To ſooth his ſov'reign and conſole his woes;
That they are more enlightened I allow,
And more perform than we pretend to know;
Yet can theſe ſciences, in which they ſhine,
Make them immortal, render them divine?
Know, mighty prince! like thee theſe ſtrangers feel,
The various wants and woes that mortals feel:
Sleep, hunger, pain, with every other woe
That Indians feel, theſe great Caſtillians know;
That from an Indian's hand the ſharpen'd dart,
With the ſame eaſe can reach a Spaniard's heart,
And launch his ſpirit from the ſtreaming wound,
As lays a Mexican upon the ground.

Thus much I from inquiry could obtain,
And more to know were but to know in vain;
Like us they are but men, of race unknown,
Like us to pleasures, pains, and passions prone;
And tho' in works of art they may outshine,
Yet these perfections mark not them divine;
Then, mighty prince! dispel those anxious fears,
That ill befit your dignity and years,
Rouse from your panic, summon all the land,
And hurl revenge on this insulting band.
Thus spoke the sage, the monarch heard unmov'd,
Nor more his counsels prais'd than disapprov'd;
Wrapt in profound dismay, he scarcely hears,
And words are idly wasted on his ears:
Nor arguments persuasive could controul
The settled anguish of his pensive soul;
Firm on the priest he fix'd his ardent gaze,
With meditating eyes as tho' to trace
His future fortunes in his holy face.
The pontiff, who the kings confusion view'd,
With haughty mien the subject then renew'd:
Dread sovereign, ill become those timerous fears,
Him who like you the weight of empires bears;
Think not our gods are impotent or dead,
Though strangers arm, our country to invade;
And tho' our temples they have tumbled down,
And with contemptuous threats insult your throne,
Yet, mighty prince, let not those threats infest,
Nor fill with fear great Montezuma's breast.

The mighty god of evil we've implor'd,
The god who bears a dread avenging ſword,
The power by all inferior powers ador'd.
He to our view laſt night in ſplendor ſhone,
High on yon pointed ſpire was fix'd his throne;
Night's gloomieſt horrors roll'd about his head,
And thick'ning clouds beneath his footſtool ſpread;
To Heaven his high aſpiring head aſcends,
Whilſt round the globe his arms he wide extends;
From his wide mouth malignant plagues tranſpire,
And from his eye-balls blaze devouring fire;
One arm the ſhaking javelin huge ſuſtains,
Whilſt in the other clanks the captive chains;
His voice like peals of thunder ſhakes around,
And human ears are deafen'd with the ſound;
He cries, the ſordid ſlaves my rights profane,
And my neglected altars thirſt in vain.
What are the victims you for me prepare,
Save the lean captives of a meagre war?
Where is the time, when in one ſingle day,
A thouſand captives on my altar lay,
From the reſounding rocks no ſound return'd,
But the loud ſhrieks of anguiſh as they burn'd;
Theſe ſhrieks of torture were to me delight,
'Twas ſcenes like theſe that gratified my ſight;
The ſmoking alters run with ſtreams of blood,
And coſtlieſt gifts around the ſpires were ſtrew'd,
Can Montezuma here neglectful prove,
Of me the higheſt, greateſt power above?

Are not the plagues dire miniſters of Heaven,
At my command amidſt the nations driv'n;
Wild inundations, earthquakes, tempeſts dire,
And all the dread that horror can inſpire?
Inferior powers ſecurely you contemn,
Their meanneſs claims the ſcorn you ſhew to them;
When from their heaven-born dignities they ſwerve,
Their baſeneſs but contempt can e'er deſerve,
Who impotent can view their temples blaze,
And on their rights profan'd ſupinely gaze:
But let your prince great Montezuma know,
The mighty god of evil deals not ſo;
Him to neglect were impious madneſs—worſe,
Sure cauſe of ruin and eternal curſe:
Think not that I, to your indifference blind,
Will ſtem the ſtorm of rage for you deſign'd,
Unleſs by ſmoking hecatombs and pray'r
You expiate revenge, my wrongs repair:
Rebuild my altars, let the carnage flow,
And Heaven's high arch reſound with ſhrieks of woe.
Here ceas'd the prieſt, the prince with horror hears,
Thoſe foul injunctions but enlarge his fears,
Then with a mandate ſtern the guard expels,
To drag the priſoners from their dreary cells;
By laws inhuman, tear from their abodes
A thouſand victims to appeaſe their gods;
Theſe with delicious food he bids to feed,
And fatten their worn carcaſes with ſpeed;
That done with expedition to prepare
The leaves to ſacrifice, with gifts and prayer,

Red indignation in the Inca flam'd
At this recital, when he thus exclaim'd:
Heavens! ſhall I credit Cacique what you ſay,
A thouſand helpleſs victims in one day,
Condemn'd to ſacrifice by tyrants nod
T' appeaſe and glut a ſanguinary god:
Yes, generous prince! 'tis true, the chief replied,
On what I here advance you may confide,
Such complicated ſorrows have been hurl'd
Upon the helpleſs tenants of the world,
Such ſcenes of murder, rapine, war, and woe,
Have vex'd and plagu'd poor mortals here below;
That they conclusively are led to deem,
That love of miſchief guides the power ſupreme;
Hence men are led this vengeful power to pleaſe,
And his malignant influence to appeaſe,
With human blood his helliſh altars ſtain,
And laws divine and human they profane,
T' avert that rage that man can not reſtrict,
A thouſand horrid murders they inflict.
Such is the worſhip men to him affords,
Which worſhip with his nature well accords:
For ſince from evil, evil ſtill proceeds,
And deviliſh power is ſerved with deviliſh deeds;
But chieftains think not this relation odd,
This foul infernal worſhip of our god;
Like us to him theſe ſtrangers homage pay,
Like us his ſanguinary laws obey;
And but for him on whom could they beſtow
Thoſe offer'd ſtreams of blood they've caus'd to flow?

But if of other gods they hold their own,
To us his name and worſhip are unknown:
We know another deity they hold,
But whom or where they ſcruple to unfold;
Yet ſuch he is their perſecutions ſay,
As him whom we poor Mexicans obey,
To whom the blood, the tears, the groans, the cries
Of innocence oppreſt are grateful ſacrifice;
But theſe digreſſions little here avail,
He ſaid, and thus reſum'd his rueful tale:
The prieſt-rid prince, by theſe perſuaſions lur'd,
Thought Heaven's protections now were well ſecur'd,
When he this edict fanatic had given
For this deteſted ſacrifice to Heaven:
But whilſt the king theſe uſeleſs projects choſe
With haſty ſtrides advanc'd his dreadful foes;
The nations who had dar'd him in the field
Had by his valour been compell'd to yield,
A gen'ral rout the foes of Cortez find,
And numbers his victorious hoſt have join'd.
Formidable the conqueror onward bends,
And far and wide his lengthen'd line extends;
The king no longer now conceals his fears,
But deep deſpondence in his aſpect bears:
Once more on treaty vainly he relies,
Once more with tampering gifts the hero tries,
With him, in ſpite of all his na[illegible]v pride,
His realm he meanly offers to divide;

Proffers their ſhatter'd navy to repair,
And reimburſe th' expences of the war;
Mean ſubterfuge which only ſerves to ſhew
Thoſe ſervile fears which none but cowards know,
Fears that embolden his preſuming foes,
And more their ſordid purpoſes doth expoſe:
Excited by his gifts th' inſidious train,
And taught ſtill greater treaſures to obtain;
To him th' imperious Cortez doth proteſt
His ſoul theſe abject ſchemes can ne'er digeſt,
That this ſubmiſſion's more than he requires,
Who but a parley with the prince deſires;
Nor can his gilded embaſſy have force
Even to divert, much leſs obſtruct his courſe,
Nor gold ſhould lure nor promiſes unbind
One ſingle purpoſe of his rigid mind;
Th' offence was ſuch the crime ſo flagrant ſtood,
As never to be cancel'd but with blood;
And ſince the line of friendſhip was remov'd,
Since every overture ſucceſſleſs prov'd,
He now reſolv'd by violence to gain
What moderation had purſu'd in vain:
That once gay town, whoſe turrets pierc'd the ſkies,
Whoſe ſtructure now a heap of ruin lies,
Ill fated Mexico once beauteoues ſtood,
Deep in the centre of a lake, whoſe flood
Wide ſpread its lucid circling waters round,
As if by nature form'd, a ſpacious mound.
Glittering on high its gilded temples ſhew,
As if emerging from the lake below;

O'er numerous cauſeways was th' uncertain way,
By which an entrance to the city lay,
O'er that where Cortez made his hoſtile train,
My reverend ſire the late command had ta'en,
Prepar'd he ſtood their paſſage to prevent,
Nor ought delay'd but for the kings conſent;
But Montezuma, now by fear unmann'd,
The war forſakes, the troops neglected ſtand.
The cheifs of war no orders can obtain,
And every argument is tried in vain:
Sunk in ſuſpence and ſtupified deſpair,
His own ſecurity ſeems the monarch's care.
Thus ſelf diſarm'd by fear there nought remains
But mean ſubmiſſion to the victor's chains,
With patience our ſad deſtiny to meet,
And ſue for mercy at our conqu'ror's feet;
What indignation kindled in my breaſt?
The ſovereign's mandate how did I deteſt?
Deteſt the orders of a man ſo baſe,
That mark'd him with indelible diſgrace;
With what contempt ſhall future times ſurvey
A mighty empire meanly caſt away
By the vile fears of one whoſe chiefeſt end
And aim ſhould been, that empire to defend;
Alone, unarm'd, the prince in perſon goes,
Like friends to welcome his audacious foes,
In proud magnificence he vainly tries
To hide that ſhame too obvious in his eyes;
With marks of joy and friendſhip he receives
Th' intruſive chief and coſtlieſt preſents gives;

Then to the dome of his illuſtrious ſire,
Invites the proud uſurpers to retire;
This done in ſecret homeward he repairs,
Remov'd from all but ſelf-perplexing cares;
His people he avoids with conſcious ſhame,
And none but ſtrangers can his perſon claim
Cortez, in all diſſimulation ſkill'd,
With all the phraſe of adulation fill'd,
The feeble Monarch's confidence acquires,
And ſoon comforms him to his own deſires;
Such was the ſtrange addreſs of him whoſe heart
Appear'd the ſource of each perfidious art.
The royal palace once ſublimely great,
Where long the kings of Mexico had ſat,
Adorn'd alike for purpoſe and for ſhew,
With all that pride could aſk or art beſtow,
This once magnificent and ſacred court,
Now vilely chang'd becomes an hoſtile fort;
Where Herman and his proud Caſtillion band
Uſurping bore an abſolute command;
But pitying here, O prince, whilſt I relate
The ſad cataſtrophe, our ſov'reign's fate.
Our country doom'd to conqueſt, chains, and death,
Theſe ſorrows to relate ſuſpend my breath;
The times on which the epochas are built
Of all their rapine, cruelty, and guilt,
Cloſe in that town where late with ample ſway,
Great Montezuma rul'd, where all obey,
Where baſe ſubmiſſion bow'd upon each ſtreet
And ſervile flatterers lick'd a tyrant's feet;

Even to the palace of his illuſtrious ſires,
O'erwhelm'd with ſecret grief, the king retires;
There like a priſoner pent, his fate to moan,
Detain'd by force, neglected, and alone;
Such is the will of his imperious foe,
Who ſtops not now his perfidy to ſhew;
Nay worſe, theſe fiends implacable provide
New ſtudied inſults to reduce his pride;
His royal feet in galling chains confin'd,
His hands with abject manacles they bind;
Doom'd like a ſlave in vile coercive chains,
Or maleſactor whom the law arraigns,
The fallen prince his former pride forgoes,
Taught to be humbl'd by his recent woes;
The total change his circumſtances find,
Seems to produce an equal change of mind;
Remember'd power but ſerves his pride to ſting,
And as his fortune ſinks ſo ſinks the king;
He unrepining yields to their commands,
And to their hands ſubmits his paſſive hands,
Nay with ſuch meanneſs is the Monarch ſeiz'd,
That when at intervals he ſtands releas'd,
T' amuſe his cruel foes the fallen king,
Ludicrouſly attends to dance and ſing.

The Hiſtory of the Incas continued.

ARGUMENT.

The prince Orizimbo continues his narrative; Cortez, after having reduced the provinces of Mexico, returns to old Spain for reinforcements, with which he means to proſecute the war in the ſouthern provinces. Alverado is left lieutenant-governor, who conceives the deſign of ſubduing the empire of Peru, or at leaſt of ingratiating himſelf into the favour of the Inca, through the intereſt of Amazilla and Telaſco, the one the ſiſter and the other the friend of Orizimbo: Gomez the lieutenant is ſent about by ſea for that purpoſe, whilſt the governor marches thither by land. The poem concludes with the ſhipwreck of Gomez and the delivery of Telaſco and Amazilla.

NOW from his ſeat great Orizimbo roſe,
And thus reſum'd the ſtory of his woes:
Not long the king ſurviv'd his wretched fall,
For as he ſtood high rais'd upon the wall,
Diſputing with an armed hoſt below,
Who now inſult his fall and mock'd his woe,
Hurl'd from a hand unknown a fatal dart
Deep pierc'd the hapleſs monarch to the heart.
Diſorder fills the town and loud alarms,
Whilſt every Mexican proceeds to arms.

Their monarch ſlain, they now attempt in vain
T' expel the foe, freedom to maintain;
In vain the Indians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
The Spaniards with confuſion fill'd the p'ace
And wild deſpair ſits pale on every face.
They ſap the town with ſacriligious hands,
And to the temples toſs'd their flaming brands:
Here ſtopp'd the chief with generous grief oppreſt,
His tears confirm'd the feelings of his breaſt;
His country pillag'd and his ſov'reign ſlain,
Awoke the pangs of ſad remember'd pain,
The friendly Inca ſaw th' affecting part,
And claſp'd the ſorrowing ſtranger to his heart,
Promis'd what though he could not yield relief
He yet might ſoothe the ſharpneſs of his grief:
But now that this eventful deed is done
And Mexico ill-fated overthrown,
Pizarro moves to quit the hoſtile plain,
And croſs old ocean to his native Spain,
There to recruit his army and obtain
The reinforcements for his next campaign.
Pizarro gone with the firſt favouring wind
Leaves Alverado in his place behind;
His abſence this ambitious hero fires
With ſchemes of conqueſt his proud ſoul inſpires;
Left in poſſeſſion of the ſole command,
He grows a powerful rival in the land:
Yet in the number of that vent'rous poſt
Who ſtood embattled on the diſtant coaſt,

Not one a character ſo ſpotleſs bore,
Nor more of greatneſs in their aſpect wore:
Soft majeſty adorn'd his manly face,
And all his actions bore the mildeſt grace.
Much by his valour and unwearied care
Had been atchiev'd in this romantic war;
Not one in all the warlike Herman's hoſt
Of more eſſential ſervices could boaſt:
On him a recompence to merit ow'd,
An ample province Cortez had beſtow'd.
Here the lieutenant-governor remain'd
Or rather like a ſovereign ſingly reign'd;
Tho' thus preſer'd, ſtill by ambition fir'd
To higher dignities his ſoul aſpir'd;
Still in his heart the thirſt of treaſure burn'd,
And oft his eyes with anxious looks he turn'd
Towards the ſouthern climes, whoſe glittering ſpoils
He knew could well reward his various toils:
To him in conſequence of labours paſt,
When for the ſpoils of war the lots were caſt,
Had fallen as his prize a lovely pair—
Telaſco he; ſhe Amazilla fair;
She warlike Orizimbo's ſiſter prov'd,
And he the friend by Orizimbo lov'd,
They through the ſad viciſſitudes of fate,
That ſtill on the unfortunate await,
Some ſoft and ſoothing comforts ſtill poſſeſs'd
Howe'er afflicted, injur'd, or diſtreſs'd;
They ſtill together could ſupport their pains,
Give mutual aid, to eaſe each others chains:

Yet ſtill in vile captivity they groan'd,
And their reverſe of fortune oft bemoan'd;
To their releaſe he ſtill refus'd consent,
Tho' not unconſcious of their high deſcent.
But now intelligence around was ſpread
That to the regions of the ſouth were fled
The friends and followers of the ſovereign ſlain,
Who had eſcap'd the carnage of the plain,
Fled to the regions where he had been told,
Were hid thoſe glittering piles of tempting gold;
From theſe accounts new views engage his mind
And daily to his mind employment find;
Theſe heaps of wealth poſſeſt by ſouthern powers,
Were ſtill the ſubject of his vacant hours.
Amongſt the few, who ſeconded his aim,
Was a Caſtilian, Gomez was his name;
A thirſt of enterprize inſpir'd his breaſt,
That ever active ſcorn'd inglorious reſt.
It chanc'd, as walking on a certain day,
With Alverado on the winding ſea,
On various themes their converſation ran,
When he, the chief, to Gomez thus began:
Attend, my friend, to what I ſhall diſcloſe,
But then my project ſee not to expoſe;
To you alone my ſchemes I have reveal'd,
To you alone my ſecrets unconceal'd;
So long as we did ſecond Cortez plan,
Till now where'er his mad ambition ran;
With promptneſs we obey'd his proud commands
Like inſtruments intruſted to his hands;

Still unrewarded, ſtill unknown to fame,
Our labours could but little honours claim,
Loſt in the ſplendent luſtre of his name;
But now that fortune graciouſly inclines
To crown our toils, and with the occaſion joins,
Let us the opportunity embrace,
Nor blindly ſpurn this incident of grace.
What chance our equal glory can repel,
Nay too 'tis poſſible we may excel,
Excel his gilded ſeries of ſucceſs,
Nay, flattering fortune promiſes no leſs;
Far to the ſouth of this new conquer'd world
Where Spain her enſigns never yet unfurl'd;
A country lies for wealth and greatneſs fam'd,
The golden empire of the Incas nam'd;
Thither impell'd by war and deepeſt dread,
Our hapleſs Montezuma's nephews fled,
In hopes a ſafe aſylum to obtain,
From the great princes of ſouthern main:
The ſcheme I firſt propoſe is now to uſe
Th' intereſt which theſe exiles can't refuſe,
T' obtain the confidence of him before,
Whoſe throne theſe chiefs aſſiſtance now implore;
With thoſe who in the ſouth have ſhelter found
Is Orizimbo, much in war renown'd,
His ſiſter and his friend a youthful pair
Are both my captives by the chance of war;
Nothing more tender or ſincere can prove
Than is their mutual intercourſe of love,

Now he that could an interview prepare
Between that prince and Amazilla fair,
Might to good purpoſe uſe the captive fair.
Now Gomez, as you value me your friend,
To this, the criſis of my ſcheme, attend;
For you, cloſe moor'd upon the ſhelving ſtrand,
A veſſel waits with ſkilful ſeamen mann'd;
An hundred of the braveſt of our crew,
Sworn to the ſecret and attach'd to you.
But on for ſea yon veſſel is unmoor'd,
Let theſe two ſlaves be firſt convey'd on board;
To them a due reſpect and kindneſs ſhew,
And when th' auſpicious wind begins to blow,
Your anchors weigh, and with your faithful hoſt,
Explore, with ſwifteſt ſails, the ſouthern coaſt,
The country found, immediately reſort
With theſe inſtructions to the Inca's court:
Let Orizembo know that you poſſeſs
His friend and ſiſter, and that their ſucceſs
Depend on that aſſiſtance he may lend,
Whoſe intereſt you ſolicit as a friend,
And that with you it optional remains,
As he your friendſhip ſtudies, and maintains
To bind or to releaſe his friend's and ſiſter's chains.
Tell him on board your brigantine they wait
On you, expectant of their future fate;
That if he can, by power or intereſt, bring
You to obtain an audience of his king,
'Tis all the recompenſe that you expect,
And who would ſuch advantages neglect?

Your own good prudence will to you ſuggeſt,
As things may turn, what methods will be beſt,
How much on ſecrecy the ſcheme depends
And what may anſwer beſt our mutual ends,
And that the captives, a cautious hand
Still in the ſame predicament ſhould ſtand;
Let all your actions cautious ſilence hide
Till time may with your purpoſe coincide,
Or chance to the eventful iſſue guide:
On your diſcretion ſolely I depend,
Whoſe prudence made me chooſe you as a friend.
Go then, my friend, and with a common care,
Againſt to-morrow for the voyage prepare.
He then commanded, and with ſpeed were ſought
The lovely pair, and to his preſence brought.
Go hapleſs youths, ſaid he, by me reſign'd,
Your friend and brother Orizimbo find,
Like yours he too is Alverado's friend,
And for your ranſom I on him depend;
To Gomez I this buſineſs have conſign'd
And Orizimbo ſoon expect to find:
But ah! what tongue can ſpeak the glad ſurpriſe
That ſparkle in the two fond lover's eyes,
Wild agitation ſeems to rend each breaſt,
By hope now cheer'd, and now by doubt depreſs'd;
Now they anticipate their happier love,
Now fear thoſe hopes may but deluſion prove;
They fear thoſe artful wiles which men prepare,
Which unſuſpecting innocence enſnare;

With eyes transfix'd, they on each other gaz'd
And to the gods their hands devoutly rais'd.
Then on the general ſtare with mute ſurprize,
To read their future fortune from his eyes,
When Anazilla the long ſilence broke,
And thus the brave Caſtilian chief beſpoke:
Sov'reign diſpoſer of our joys and woes,
How cruel is the kindneſs you propoſe!
Perhaps you but deſire to mock our grief,
To raiſe our hopes, and yet withold relief.
Doubt not my words, the gen'rous leader cried,
But on my promiſe undiſturb'd confide;
Miſtruſt me not, 'tis but the coward's part
T' inſult the weak, and vex the afflicted heart.
For others woes I feel unanſwering pain,
And mourn to hear this injur'd land complain;
But more for you my partial boſom heaves;
For you my heart with greater ſorrow grieves,
Becauſe your former elevated ſtate,
More painful renders this reverſe of fate:
Then on my word implicitly rely,
Which time e'er long to you ſhall verify.
How, cried Telaſco, how ſhall I believe
Theſe flattering ſpeeches ſtudied to deceive;
Have I not ſeen thee with vindictive ire,
With hoſtile vengeance bear deſtructive fire,
Even to the palace of my royal ſire!
Thy murdering hands have I with horror ſeen,
Red with the carnage of my deareſt kin,

Nay, more, your cruelty myſelf have found,
Theſe hands in baſeſt ſhackles you have bound,
In dungeon vile, detain'd in deepeſt woe,
'Midſt all the horrors guilt is doom'd to know:
But tho' ſo poignantly I feel diſtreſs,
Tho' torments infinite around me preſs,
Tho' num'rous woes o'erwhelm my native plain,
Her gods deſam'd, and all her patriots ſlain;
All this, nay more with patience I could bear,
If you could pardon with intent ſincere:
Were I convinc'd of your ſincerity,
I'd praiſe thee as a being from on high:
See, how my eyes in grateful tranſport roll,
The pureleſs clemency o'erwhelms my ſoul;
I who till now ne'er once implor'd thy aid,
Who more for death than for a pardon pray'd,
Now proſtrate at thy feet tranſported lie,
And from thy lips hear ſounds of lively joy;
Thy feet I kiſs, and with my flowing tears,
Thus drown remember'd woes and future fears.
Great Alvarado view'd them thus diſtreſs'd,
He rais'd and preſs'd them to his generous breaſt;
With pleaſure he their grateful grief beheld,
His manly heart with ſimpathy was fill'd:
Retire, my friends, the Spaniard cried, retire!
Theſe marks of your eſteem are more than I require;
'Tis not that I rejoice in your diſtreſs,
Inſult the vanquiſh'd or the weak oppreſs,
All that I aſk, if grateful you're inclin'd,
Is this, when you ſhall Orizimbo find;

To that brave prince my conduct recommend,
Tell him how far my offices extend;
Say that for him alone I broke your chains,
In hopes his friendſhip would reward my pains,
That all I did, that all you kindly deem,
Was to ſeek yours and merit his eſteem;
Tell him tho' ſkilful on the hoſtile plain,
Known in the various ſchemes that conqueſt gain,
Yet then when fortune ſhall my labours bleſs,
I know to value and deſerve ſucceſs;
That when the hoſtile trumpets ceaſe to blow,
And peace ſhall reconcile me to my foe,
Then ſocial ſympathy ſhall fire my breaſt,
For thoſe whoſe liberties I late oppreſs'd;
By mercy taught on which myſelf depend,
I mercy to my fellows can extend!
Soon as aurora ting'd the eaſtern dawn
And ſol's bright beams had ſtreak'd the verdant lawn,
The joyous pair releas'd now haſte on board,
The wind blows fair, the bark's with ſpeed unmoor'd,
Wide to the breeze they ſpread each ſwelling ſail,
And cheerful run before the driving gale;
At this ſame juncture to th' Iberial coaſt
Pizarro ſail'd t' improve his ſhatter'd hoſt.
Alonzo, governor was left behind,
To whom Panama was by lot conſign'd,
Horror and indignation ſeiz'd his breaſt
To view this outſtretch'd tyranny impreſs'd,

By his aſſociates on a helpleſs train,
Their country pillag'd and their hero ſlain;
A kind humanity his boſom fir'd,
His ſoul with kind compaſſion was inſpir'd,
Kindly reſolv'd at leaſt their lives to ſpare
Of the ſmall reſidue, eſcap'd the guilty war.
Pizarro gone, he every effort tries,
The Inca king of Quito to advice,
With timely care to raiſe a powerful hoſt,
To ſave himſelf and guard his threaten'd coaſt,
Which ſoon Pizarro menac'd to invade,
And to the Inca thus Alonzo ſaid;
With toil expenſive ſeek not to prepare
Strong forts and batteries to repel the war;
A ſimple wall of turf and ſand compoſe,
Sufficient thus to check the progreſs of your foes;
No toils in war ſo terrible appear,
Us'd as they are to conqueſts every where,
As long delays, which evils moſt they fear;
To Tumbez firſt the Spaniards will proceed,
Then Tumbez we ſhould fortify with ſpeed,
Learn to anticipate their arts with care,
And where they menac'd firſt, there firſt prepare,
Be watchful of their way, their motions mind,
And ſhew, tho' weak, Peruvians are not blind:
The monarch with the kind precaution mov'd,
Yields to his counſels and his ſchemes approv'd;
He to Alonzo gives the ſole command,
To march to Tumbez with a choſen band,

And the firſt needful bulwarks to erect,
The works to order and the troops inſpect;
Him Orizimbo joins upon the way,
Reſolv'd his toils to ſhare, his works ſurvey:
Along the plains they now direct their courſe,
And ſoon at Tumbez halt their little force,
There ſoon with mutual cheerfulneſs they bend
Their hands to raiſe the walls, the lines extend;
A fort they raiſe upon the ſpacious plain,
Which threaten'd proud defiance o'er the main;
Defencible it ſeem'd, and artful plann'd,
Well ſerv'd with ſtores, with braveſt Indians mann'd,
On this the brave Peruvians wondering gaz'd,
To ſee the edifice themſelves had rais'd:
Far to the weſt the now declining ſun,
In ſwiſt career his bended courſe had run,
Reflected from the wave his ſetting beams,
Shot on the lofty hills their fulgent gleams.
When forth Alonzo walk'd upon the plain,
With godlike Orizimbo in his train,
The chief of Tumbez in their walk attends,
And various ſubjects entertain the friends;
Amongſt the various topics of debate,
That occupied their thoughts, the hapleſs fate
Of Montezuma oft did them engage,
His ravag'd empire and the chriſtian's rage,
That ſeem'd to cruelty ſo much inclin'd,
That ſought the general ſlaughter of mankind,

That they ſhould thus, by barbarous impulſe driven,
Contrary to the laws of earth and Heav'n,
Should leave the plenteous country of their own,
To ſpread deſtruction in a land unknown,
Uninjur'd, unprovok'd, with wanton rage,
To ſpare not guiltleſs infancy, nor age,
But ſtill with ruffian hand where'er they came,
To bear the hoſtile ſword and kindling flame;
Alternate rage and horror ſeiz'd each breaſt,
Their ſullen ſilence ſpoke their anger beſt:
Rememb'ring all their country's wrongs, they ſwore
To brook ſuch cruel outrages no more.
Whilſt thus theſe ſad reflections they purſu'd,
Far o'er the curling deed Alonzo view'd
The ſhip of Gomez, with expanded ſail,
Swift ſteering to the port before the gale;
A while the hero gaz'd in mute ſurpriſe,
With ire vindictive ſparkling in his eyes:
Lo! where they come, he cried, ſwift o'er the main,
Pizarro with his powers return'd from Spain!
Sure Heaven aſſiſts them with a partial aid,
Who thus ſo ſoon the tedious voyage have made,
The favouring elements their calls obey,
And bear their bark auſpicious through the ſea.
Whilſt theſe remarks the pondering chief detail'd,
'Midſt the deluſive calm that round prevail'd,
A diſtant tempeſt is obſerved to riſe,
And gathering clouds obſcure the argent ſkies;
Loud roars the whirlwind o'er the toſſing deep,
And the big ſurges form a ponderous heap;

Wave upon wave the watry column rears,
Like boiling foam th' uplifted pile appears;
While from above the clouds impending low'r,
That thickening look like an inverted tower;
Clouds under clouds in deep ſucceſſion roll,
Till joining with the waves the wonderous whole
A pillar form'd, whoſe bottom in the flood
Erect and terrible in aſpect ſtood:
Thus the united elements compoſe
A ſyphon huge, by which the water flows.
Preſs'd by the weight of the ſurrounding air,
The waves converg'd thro' the vaſt column rear
In ſpiral ſtreams, and as they mount on high,
Th' expanding clouds inceſſantly ſupply.
This ſtrange phenomena Alonzo view'd,
Whoſe cauſe to him alone was underſtood,
That prodigy which mariners appall'd
Behold: which they a water-ſpout have call'd;
Whilſt he the object terrible beheld,
And view'd the bark with kindred chriſtians fill'd;
Their ſad calamity alarm'd his breaſt,
And all his late reſentment is ſuppreſs'd;
Their danger now his every care engroſs'd,
And former hate and preſent fear is loſt;
Unmindful now of all the various crimes,
That ſtain'd their arms in thoſe tumultuous times,
Unmindful of the ruin they had ſpread,
The ſtreams of blood their barbarous hands had ſhed;
All, all is now forgot, this caſe alone
Employs his mind, their country is his own,

That he and they both left one common ſhore,
Both doom'd alike, perhaps to ſee no more;
Thoſe ſond reflections all his mind poſſeſs'd,
Their woes rekindled friendſhip in his breaſt.
Gomez with horror now beholds from far,
The dire conflicting elemental war,
Each effort tries that ſkill and courage know,
To ſave the ſhip from the impending blow;
But all their ſchemes and ſtrength and courage fail,
In vain they wear the ſhip and ſhorten ſail,
Drawn by the waves the veſſel onward drives,
And in the fatal vortex ſoon arives:
Her lofty maſts and yards the column break,
Which ponderous falls a deluge on the deck;
The bark unequal to th' o'erwhelming blow,
With dreadful craſh now foundering ſinks below;
The ſtorm ſubſides, the waters ſmooth around,
And all is buried in the vaſt profound.
Great Orizimbo gaz'd with burſting ſpleen,
His eyes unpitying view'd the diſmal ſcene;
Heaven is all juſt, he cry'd, thus periſh all
The foes of Mexico, thus each proud Spaniard fall,
This ſwarm of tyrants, who with ruthleſs hand
Have ſpread deſtruction o'er a guiltleſs land.
Forbear, great chief, Alonzo quick replied,
Nor thus exulting in reſentful pride,
Show'r uſeleſs anger on our ſuffering foes,
When thus the hand of heaven ſhall interpoſe,

Rather your curſes and reſentment ſave
For thoſe ſurviving villains who would brave
The will of Heaven and all mankind enſlave,
The man who by misfortune thus purſu'd,
Whate'er in all his former life we view'd,
Tho' blackeſt crimes have mark'd his priſtine days,
Tho' baſeneſs ſtamp the terror of his ways;
Yet when he falls, our nature ſhould propoſe
To pity rather than inſult his woes.
This dire diſaſter amply may atone
For all the crimes this hapleſs crew have done;
When Heaven ſhall pleaſe our actions to chaſtiſe,
'Tis not for man preſumptuous to adviſe.
This ſoft reproof the generous chief alarm'd,
A glowing bluſh his manly viſage warm'd,
Shock'd by conviction at the ſervile wrong,
He thus had ſuffer'd to eſcape his tongue:
O pardon me, exclaim'd the conſcious chief,
This rage incited by remember'd grief,
The numerous injuries that I have known
Our land unpeopled and our gods o'erthrown;
On this reflect, then ceaſe your quick ſurpriſe
That at the ſhipwreck rapture fill'd my eyes.
But now the heavens aſſume a mild ſerene,
Loſt are the horrors of the recent ſcene;
Old ocean's face a paleid ſtillneſs wears,
And all the dire commotion diſappears;
The clouds no more are by the tempeſt toſs'd
But ſhip and water-ſpout together loſt;

When now with ſearching eyes the wondering train
Stand mute and penſive looking o'er the main,
They from afar with anxious hearts ſurvey
Two hapleſs wretches labouring through the ſea,
With ardent toil endeavouring ſtill to ſave
Themſelves by truſting to the yielding wave;
Clung to a plank with death's tenacious hold,
They o'er the toſſing ſurge at random roll'd:
Yet, yet they live th' enraptur'd Indian cried,
Some yet ſurvive the ſad deſtructive tide:
Swift with aſſiſtance ere it is too late,
Fly hence and ſnatch them from the jaws of fate;
Fly, fly, my friends, and try who firſt can ſave
Theſe hapleſs victims from a wat'ry grave;
Launch your canoes, your braveſt efforts try,
Whilſt I thus ſingly to their reſcue fly.
Thus ſaid, with ſpeed he quits the verdant plain,
And headlong ſprings into the watry main;
Swift the canoes they looſen from the ſhore,
Toil every nerve, and ply with every oar.
Toil'd by the toſſing waves ere he can make
A floating plank the prince they overtake,
On which the hapleſs pair themſelves ſuſtain,
Toſs'd at the mercy of the bounding main,
Now mounting high upon the billowy ſteep,
Now plung'd in an unfathomable deep,
Along the whirl, as chance directs the way,
Borne on the boſom of the various ſea;
The wearied pair now toſs'd upon the wave
Whom Orizimbo thus attempts to ſave,

To whoſe recovery all impatient bind,
And wonderful to ſay, his ſiſter and his friend;
Theſe two as on the veſſel's ſide they ſtood,
When firſt the dire phenomena they view'd,
Had conſcious of its dread effects agreed,
To quit the veſſel with their utmoſt ſpeed,
As no alternative but this could ſave
Them and their follows from a watery grave;
Thus both reſolv'd, they plung'd into the ſea,
To ſave their lives in like uncertain way,
By practice taught to ſport upon the wave,
But now by ſad neceſſity made brave,
For fatal need theſe arts they now employ,
Which once they practis'd but in hours of joy.
They come, my dear, they come to our relief!
Exclaim'd Telaſco, ſpent with toil and grief,
Maintain your hold, my Amazilla dear,
For ſee where fate brings our deliverance near!
Ah me! ſhe cry'd, deliverance comes in vain,
To me, no longer I my hold maintain;
O I am ſick to death, my heart grows cold,
I ſink, I fall, my hands have loſt their hold,
One moment more ſhall terminate my life,
One moment parts thee from thy hapleſs wife.
She ſaid, when ſwift like courſers in a chace,
With flying oars the Indians reach the place,
When Orizimbo both his arms extends,
To ſave from opening death his ſinking friends:
Live, live my friends, for ſure you are no leſs,
Exclaim'd the prince, when found in this diſtreſs,

To you ſoft mercy ſhould aſſiſtance give,
And you, though ſtrangers, ſhall protected live.
He ſpoke, the pair with faint imploring eye
Beheld the ſuccour, and return'd a ſigh;
No inſtant of reflection ev'n was left,
Each ſeem'd of ſenſe and memory bereft:
With eager graſp the half expiring maid,
Her hands tenacious on her brother laid;
His ſiſter's hand the prince unconſcious preſt,
And claſp'd her lifeleſs to his anxious breaſt.
But ah! what tongue can picture his ſurpriſe,
When as he mournful watch'd her ſetting eyes,
Marking each feature, tracing every grace,
He view'd in her, his Amazilla's face,
He ſhriek'd, then cried, juſt heavens is this ſincere,
Or do I dream, ſpeak, ſay, my ſiſter dear,
What ſtrange ſad accident has brought you here?
Leave me, ſhe ſigh'd, and kindly ſtrive to ſave,
My dear Telaſco from the ſwallowing wave.
Soon as Telaſco's name aſſails his ear,
Soft in the bark he lies the fainting fair,
Then wildly leaps into the toſſing wave,
From yawning death his ſinking friend to ſave,
Who ſpent and breathleſs on the billows borne,
From wave to wave now ſeems the whirlwind's ſcorn,
And juſt when lifeleſs, ready to deſcend,
Seiz'd by the hair, he graſps his hopeleſs friend;
With him he plunges through the liquid main,
And both at laſt ſecure the boat again.

His features ſoon Telaſco recogniz'd,
With more than common chance he ſtands ſurpriz'd;
Uncertain paſſions ſwell'd his wondering heart,
And his extatic ſoul ſtands ready to depart;
His trembling limbs no more their maſter guide,
Supine he falls at Amazilla's ſide:
The afflicted chief beheld the breathleſs pair,
His boſom heav'd with pity and deſpair:
He deems them dead each effort he applies
For their revival, every effort tries,
Revok'd Heav'n's ſuccour by inceſſant cries;
Telaſco firſt reviving ſymptoms ſhews,
But only to behold new riſing woes;
Pallid ſhe lay and cold as ſilent death,
Fair Amazilla ſeem'd no more to breathe;
Between her brother and her love ſhe lies,
The hand of death hard preſſing on her eyes,
Great Orizimbo with unwearied care
Upon his knees ſupports the breathleſs fair,
And whilſt he anxious views her torpid eyes
That yet exclude the light, he deeply ſighs;
Down his wan cheek the briny torrent ſtole,
That ſpoke the ſecret anguiſh of his ſoul,
When to her aid her ardent lover flies,
And with his fingers gently opes her eyes,
To ſee if yet one ſpark of life remains,
To ſooth their ſorrow and relieve their pains:
Oh yet (ſaid he) thy palpitating heart
Heaves high with life; whilſt every other part

Seems by the chilling damps of death o'erſpread,
And thy fair frame to all ſenſation dead;
Awake my love! O let me hear thy breath
Shake off the icy manacles of death!
Telaſco calls, my lovely fair return,
If yet life's lamp within thy boſom burn,
'Scap'd from the horrors of the billowing main,
From numerous perils on the embattel'd plain,
With the ſweet partner of my every care,
With thee for whom I every toil could ſhare,
I ſcorn'd each danger, all oppreſſion paſt,
My country's ſhame, my own to fortune caſt,
Superior roſe to every various woe,
Nor e'er ſubmitted diſcontent to ſhew;
Still cheer'd by hope, my poor expecting mind
Still look'd in future, happier days to find,
Till fate thus cruel ſiez'd thee in my arms,
And bade a pallid hue o'erſpread thy charms;
O! Orizimbo, who can ſpeak our grief,
What power, ſave that of Heaven can give relief;
On this eventful day thus deem'd to meet,
This day of all with ſorrows moſt replete;
Oh! haſt thou then thy ſiſter only found,
To lay her lifeleſs body in the ground?
Haſt thou all vent'rous dar'd the toſſing wave,
And ſnatch'd thy friend from an untimely grave,
Juſt to behold, then view him cloſe his eyes,
And death's cold hand diſſolves the vital ties!

He ceas'd, meanwhile they ply each buſy oar
And ſwiftly urg'd the veſſel to the ſhore;
Their friends impatient welcome their return,
Unconſcious of the cauſe for which they mourn,
When Orizimbo thus the crowd addreſs'd,
To them thus ſpoke the anguiſh of his breaſt,
Princes and friends you here behold me ſtand,
If fate ſo deign the happineſs of our land.
Could I to life reſtore this breathleſs fair
Who is my ſiſter, and who now muſt ſhare
Your kind attention and our common care;
He whom you view beneath affliction bend,
Is young Telaſco, once my noble friend!
Kind Heaven has to my longing arms return'd
All that I lov'd, eſteem'd and long have mourn'd;
Then help me, Indians, and with generous care,
Snatch from the jaws of death my Amazilla dear!
But now ſhe faintly lifts her languid eyes,
And looks around on all with wild ſurpriſe,
The ſwimming ſhades of death ſtill dim'd her ſight;
Unable to ſupport the glade of light:
Around each object wild confuſion ſeems
Like the remains of tantalizing dreams;
Full oft ſhe looks around in fix'd amaze,
Now here, now there with wonder ſeems to gaze;
But ſilent ſtill, as doubtful yet to find,
The things ſhe wiſh'd but wanderings of the mind,
At length ſhe long ſuſpenſive ſilence broke:
And faintly thus in fault'ring accents ſpoke;

Yet do I live, ye gods! is this ſincere,
Behold my brother and Telaſco here;
My fears the kindly hints of hope controul,
I hope all real tho' I doubt the whole;
By this attracted, and to that inclin'd,
Speak you and rectify my wilder'd mind.
Where am I? yet upon the toſſing main,
And yet behold Telaſco once again!
In wild confuſion is my fancy toſs'd,
And all my reaſon in my wonder loſt!
It was, but now, O my Telaſco brave!
We ſidelong floated on the tumbling wave;
Alone we plung'd amid the tempeſt's roar,
Whilſt now we ſit with numbers on the ſhore,
But who is this thy circling arms enfold?
Is it my brother Orizimbo bold?
Or ſome fond phantom, deck'd by fancy's hand,
Alas, the ſight is more than I can ſtand!
O come, my love! my fleeting ſpirit ſtay,
Ere it eſcape, 'tis on the tott'ring way:
She ſaid: ſucceeding tears began to flow,
That mitigate the preſſure of her woe;
The kind effuſion eas'd her burden'd heart,
And from his hand ſnatch'd deaths ſuſpended dart;
The kind relief Telaſco's boſom cheers,
Whilſt from her cheek he dries the falling tears;
Let comfort ſooth thy agitated breaſt,
The lover cried, and let thoſe ſorrows reſt,
Enjoy thy life to happier periods live,
So ſhall my love as ſweet return receive,

For thee, the kindlieſt bleſſings Heaven beſtows,
With all of love or joy that mortal knows,
With ſuppliant heart thy lover here implores,
Join'd with a brother's pray'rs, who thee adores;
O yes Telaſco cried the beauteous fair,
And Orizimbo, objects of my care,
Have you, O gracious heavens! to me return'd,
All that I priz'd and all I long have mourn'd?
Yes, yes 'tis true! my grateful heart o'erflows
With joys, that far outbalance all my woes.
But ſay what ſhore is this on which we ſtand,
Or how miraculous we reach'd the land?
Or are theſe ſtrangers, that behold our woes,
Come here like friends or like inſulting foes?
When thus Alonzo to the beauteous maid;
Of what we are, you need not be afraid;
We are in whom you ſafely may confide,
Firm to your cauſe, by ſympathy allied:
Before you here the prince of Tumbez ſtands,
His generous ſoul will anſwer your demands;
And far beyond theſe wide extended plains,
In ſouthern climes, a mighty monarch reigns,
On whoſe commands with ardour we attend,
And whoſe munificence marks him our friend;
But ah! what tongue can ſpeak the glad ſurprize,
That beam'd in common tranſport from their eyes;
The wandering Mexicans, by favouring fate,
Thus ſtrange aſſembl'd in an unknown ſtate;

The wonderous turn of providence who brings,
From direſt circumſtances, happieſt things;
The fell misfortunes, which had each oppreſt,
With wonder agitates each Indian's breaſt:
Oft they review, with one admiring mind,
The numerous dangers they had left behind,
And oft as they th' unwearied tale relate,
And mark the eventful changes of their fate,
A penſive gloom each face would overcaſt,
To think what countleſs perils they had paſt.

AN EPIGRAM.

ONCE on a time, from Britain ſent,
To Berlin's court an envoy went,
Before great Frederick's throne to bring
Diſpatches from his ſov'reign King:
His buſineſs done, the Pruſſian Sire
For gen'ral news 'gan to enquire;
Aſk'd him how things were going on
With dull Mynheer or pompous Don,
With each new victory, or miſchance,
And how went on the war with France?
When thus the envoy to the prince
Replied, dread Sov'reign! not long ſince,
By Gods aſſiſtance well ſuſtain'd,
A ſignal vict'ry we obtain'd
O'er France, that moſt imperious foe,
Which looks like a deciſive blow.
What! cried the Prince with feign'd ſurprize,
Is Heaven's great King 'mong your allies?
Yes, Sire, the Engliſhman return'd,
Whoſe breaſt with keen reſentment burn'd,
He is! the only ſtaunch ally,
To whom we pay no ſubſidy.

The Sapient Aſs.

A FABLE.

IN what contempt that man appears,
Who ſtill alarm'd by panic fears,
From each imagin'd miſchief runs,
Oft times to meet that fate he ſhuns.
A thouſand bugbears fright mankind,
A thouſand chimeras damp the mind;
And man, tho' bold and fierce by nature,
Will oft times prove a tim'rous creature,
And when no real dangers nigh,
With eaſe can fancied ills ſupply;
Nay oft thoſe very things alarm us,
Which better known, perchance would charm us;
Judging too raſhly at firſt ſight,
If this be wrong or that be right,
We often obſtinately err,
When ſelf conceited to prefer
Our own opinions, 'gainſt the voice
Of numbers, who from prudent choice
Of wiſe experience, have collected
That judgment; we like fools rejected;
Cautiouſly viewing either ſide,
Before the matter can be tried;
The ſtateſman, 'midſt the nation's jars,
When deeply ſunk in debts and wars,
Rings loud his patriotic peal,
The people's rights, the nations weal,

Th' occaſion of the dudgeon ſhews,
The cauſe of all theſe war-bred woes;
Quakes at the ſimple intimation
Of fam'd armada or invaſion;
He bids the nation ſhew their brav'ry,
Their hatred of all foreign ſlav'ry,
By arming in the public cauſe,
To guard the King, the church and laws;
That it becomes a free-born land,
Like ours, to join with heart and hand,
Each baſe aſſailant to repel,
That fame in future times may tell,
What glorious heroes Britons were,
The ſons of courage, freedom's care,
And that no warriors far or wide
Were e'er like Engliſhmen beſide;
Thus will he vaunt and thus allure 'em,
Firm in his int'reſt to ſecure 'em:
When theſe poor fools, whom he will flatter,
May like know nothing of the matter,
Know not the cauſes which began
Thoſe mortal feuds 'twixt man and man;
Or if by accident he knew
What tempting lures he had in view,
The hopes of honours, or the gains
Of plunder compenſate his pains,
Promotion, grandeur, pow'r, dominion,
By turns engag'd his fool'd opinion;
Nay, pride a thouſand charms will ſpread,
To govern his quixotic head;

When all the while the mad deluſion
Leads but to danger and confuſion;
No conquer'd lands reward his toil;
Small is his portion of the ſpoil;
His honours fade before his eyes,
And hope to his opponent flies;
Fatigu'd and jaded in theſe wars,
Where all he won are honour's ſcars:
He home returns, and finds too late
A certain cauſe to curſe his fate;
Perhaps with wounds and wants o'erſpread,
Compell'd to beg his bitter bread,
His tale of hardſhips to relate,
Unpitied at the lordling's gate,
For whom he recent dangers brav'd,
Whoſe life perchance his courage ſav'd;
Yet here no kind relief he knows,
Proud affluence but reviles his woes.
Poor ſimpleton! hadſt thou been quiet,
And kept from all this ſtrife and riot;
Nor liſten'd to each flatt'ring ſound,
That thou haſt ſo deceitful found,
Thou might'ſt at home in health and eaſe
Have ate thy humble bread and cheeſe;
The man, who, 'midſt the ſtorms of life,
Unmov'd can hear ſurrounding ſtrife,
When loud commotions ſhake the ſtate,
When diſtant foes, in hoſtile hate,
Shall threaten to invade his coaſt,
And with inſulting menace boaſt:

This man I ſay, unmov'd, may ſtand,
When revolutions ſhake the land,
When time, who proudeſt deſpots humbles,
Who topſy turvey all things tumbles;
Not that I wiſh, 'twould not become me,
Such ills ſhould happen, far be't from me:
I aſk no change in government,
With what it is I'm quite content;
They ſay 'tis good, ſo I receive it,
Who likes it not e'en let him leave it;
We'd better bear the ills we know,
Than fly to more uncertain woe;
Change does not always bring the beſt,
A truth experience has confeſt,
And better 'tis to have in hand,
One bird than two on tree that ſtand:
To vindicate theſe quaint reflections,
Kind reader, if you've no objections,
I'll try as well as I am able
To match my moral with a fable,
Once in a field of verdant graſs,
A peaſant loiter'd by his aſs,
Who graz'd around beſide his maſter,
Well pleas'd to find ſuch luſcious paſture;
But here they'd not been long in quiet,
When the harſh din of hoſtile riot,
Horrific, ſtruck the maſter's ears,
When near at hand the foe appears:
Their ſhining lances, glitt'ring ſhields,
Refulgent ſparkl'd o'er the fields;

The ſight with terror ſtruck the man,
When to the brute he thus began:
Come, dapple! we muſt quit this place,
For look where danger comes apace!
See! where with ſpear and pointed lance
The threat'ning enemy advance!
Beſtir and leave this fated ſpot,
Or elſe perchance we may be ſhot:
The aſs unmov'd theſe orders heard
Without concern, nor one foot ſtirr'd,
Pleas'd with the meadow's ſavory charms,
He notic'd not the claſh of arms,
But graz'd along the flow'ry borders,
Unmindful of his maſter's orders;
But now the band advancing near
Impreſs the boor with double fear;
Again the reſtive beaſt he calls,
And by his ears and halter hauls,
Uſes each method to intreat him,
Nay threatens with his ſtaff to beat him,
If he'll not fly to ſave his bacon,
They'll ſurely both be priſoners taken.
When thus the aſs replied, my friend!
What think you now theſe foes intend?
That you're in this confounded hurry,
And threaten thus my ſides to curry;
If they perchance ſhould ſieze me here,
What are the ills I have to fear?
Will theſe ſame foes inhuman pack
Two pair of panniers on my back;

Or, when they drive me on the road,
Oppreſs me with a double load.
No, quoth the man, I think not ſo,
You are an aſs they needs muſt know,
And conſequently will infer
You but an aſs's load can bear:
Nay then the ſapient aſs replied
If that's the caſe I'm ſatisfied;
I care not who's my maſter, marry!
Since I one burden only carry;
My back to labour you condemn,
I've nothing more to fear from them,
So maſter fly whene'er you pleaſe,
I am reſolv'd to ſtay in eaſe.

OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS,

ON INFIDELITY.

"Know first thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind, is man."

AWAKE my soul, and with seraphic zeal,
Upon the wing of pious rage upborn,
Arm to defend, and vindicate that truth,
On which our all, or all that's needful stands;
And as on angel's pinion fancy flies
Through truth's bright empire, let her genial song
From Heaven deduce the raptures of its lay,
To sing of mercy and of heav'n-born love.
And ye O cherubims! that erst did chant
On Salem's mountains to the royal train,
Of princely shepherds, by expectance led,
Expectance catholic, from climes remote
To meet and hail the saviour of the world,
Do ye inspire the ardor of my song,
Direct my feeble essays and approve
The liberal purpose of my lowly theme:
O that it might but in some little serve,
Some little to the welfare of mankind,
Such is the humble wish of him who sings,
Who Heaven in heart-felt gratitude adores,
And man, by Heaven's command, like brother loves;
Then answer'd is my wish, my end obtain'd,

When Heaven is glorify'd, and man is ferv'd;
Ye worſe than infidels, ſelf-prompted fools,
Blind to your greateſt int'reſt, madly blind,
That would refuſe ev'n friendſhip with your God,
And puſh aſide the proffer'd hand of Heaven,
Which bends to you, with mercy moſt ſublime,
Sublimer far than thy contracted mind,
Obſcure and prejudic'd, can comprehend,
That in compaſſion to thy helpleſs ſtate,
Thy inability to act alone,
Stoops down to ſnatch thee from the op'ning gulph,
That widely yawns to ſwallow thee to ruin,
And plunge thee headlong in an endleſs woe,
No cenſure too ſevere can ever fall
Upon this ſtrange perverſeneſs of the mind;
Obſtinacy unnatural and abſurd,
Like maniac, voilent againſt itſelf,
That can ſuch obvious 'vantages diſclaim.
Where lies the error? where the latent ſource,
From whence this ſtrange contumacy proceeds?
Springs it from wilful infidelity,
By ſelf volition urg'd, and ſelf compell'd,
That, ſpite of all conviction, would repulſe,
Dam and diſcredit each hypotheſis,
Becauſe 'tis merely vulgar to believe
The creed, opinion vulgar would confirm;
Or that, which running counter to their wiſhes,
Stands a ſtrong contraſt to their wayward hearts,
Is not delectable to be believ'd.

A man is not that ſtrange automaton,
That ſelf-mov'd engine, independant thing,
That thus can force himſelf to what he will;
Nor uncoercively will what he would.
The human mind acts by ſuch various ways,
By ſuch myſterious principles is mov'd;
Such wond'rous faculties united ſerve
To conſtitute and form the human ſoul,
That what it is or how thus ſtrangely made,
We know not, ſtill a ſtranger to himſelf,
Man acts and thinks by ways ſo wonderful,
So unacquainted with his greater part,
That what he is, from whence or why he knows not;
Reflection ſhews to memory the paſt,
Perception o'er the preſent object ſtands,
And ſtrong volition to the future tends;
Theſe underſtanding, mem'ry, and the will,
The tripartite conſtituents of the ſoul,
Theſe human trinity make up in man,
That wond'rous thing himſelf, himſelf leaſt knows,
Such are the ſtrange communicating powers
That link the groſſer to the ſubtler parts,
As never yet the philoſophic ſage,
Howe'er ſo deeply vers'd in logic lore,
Could with preciſion hint at, nor conceive.
Yet ſuch the concord, ſuch the union here,
That ſage and ſophiſt equally amaz'd
Are loſt in wonder, wondering at themſelves,
Hence from this ignorance of what we are,
This inability to act alone,

To will at pleaſure, and to think with eaſe,
Which ev'ry hour's experience plainly ſhews,
We cannot do, ſhould lead us to conclude,
That ſome omnipotent directing hand,
With mightieſt influence acting, tho' unſeen,
In viewleſs contact with the docile ſoul,
Impels, controuls, and guides her every motion;
When o'er the mind the ſwift idea ſhoots,
Or baſe or virtuous, generous, or adverſe,
Painful, or pleaſant, horrible, or bleſt,
Reſts it within the limited controul
Of human wills to counteract that hand,
That power incomprehenſible, whoſe touch
Ferments the ſoul, like agitating winds,
Upon the ruffled boſom of the deep,
And ſets the unaſſiſting paſſive mind,
Like neut'ral engine, on to contemplate,
Propoſe, reſolve, and unreſolve thoſe things,
Perchance ſo terrible but in conceit,
That frighted with the monſters thus impreſt
Upon the pliant, unconſenting mind,
That even reaſon ſtartles at the view,
And heſitating conſcience ſtands in doubt,
T' accede to or reject the impulſe ſtrange.
But where digreſſive wand'rer doſt thou roam,
Thus from thy purpoſe, from thy firſt deſign;
Was it to launch into the mazy ſea
Of wild conjecture, and on fancy's wing
T' explore the various labyrinths that lead
Into the boundleſs deep, the vaſt profound

Of diſputation, where the wilder'd ſoul,
Toſt on Utopian ſurges, oft is wreck'd
Upon the ſhoals of ambiguity,
Where wild conjectures, ſyſtems endleſs riſe,
Fleet and evaneſcent as tranſient dreams,
That oft explode e'er they're half explain'd,
And leave the anxious mind fatigu'd and vex'd,
Bewilder'd in the dark uncertain maze
Of fathomleſs inquiry and reſearch,
Loſt to reality, to reaſon loſt,
No! not for this my labouring boſom toils,
Not to inveſtigate thoſe hidden ſecrets,
Which man ne'er could nor ever ſhall define;
But to inquire at truth's bright oracle,
To aſk of reaſon, propheteſs divine!
Where doth originate this baneful ſpring,
This ſtream infernal, whoſe envenom'd draughts,
Poiſon belief and choke the hopes of man;
'Twas thus ſome demon, whiſpering to mankind,
With foul ſuggeſtions, ſtudious to deſpoil
Man's ſweet tranquillity and halcyon peace,
Exclaim'd in all the arrogance and pride
Of hell-born malice, by reſentment urg'd.
Of perfect knowledge mortal doſt thou boaſt;
Implicitly believe, and gulph down all
The numerous chimeras and the mad conceits,
Th' infinite impoſters and the cheats,
That fetter down the reaſon of the world,
Trump'd up by politic deſigning knaves,
To lead your reaſon blindfold and direct,

By their pretended ſhew of ſanctity;
The only path to happineſs and Heaven
Thus villains dictate and thus fools obey,
Clad in religious garb it matter'd not
How ſtrange ſoe'er the doctrines or the creed;
Experience proves enthuſiaſtic rage
How univerſal how contagious too,
Are not a thouſand impoſitions form'd,
Ten thouſand fordid cheats, that cheat mankind,
The Pagan, Chriſtian, Muſſulman, and Jew,
Have each for their impoſtures their pretence,
And martyrdoms and miracles in each
Are handed forth as uncontеſted proofs
Of the mad ſyſtems, which ſuch fools purſue;
But aſk of reaſon, reaſon will reſolve,
Reſolve to thoſe who aſk or right or wrong;
By cool and ſober reaſon's powerful aid
Thou can'ſt determine all thou need'ſt to know:
If thou art wrong, 'tis dangerous to purſue
The path of error; when reflection calls
And ſays return, if right, 'tis well, proceed;
Be circumſpect, inquiſitive, and nice
In each purſuit, where error may be tried,
Nor ſuffer tamely thoſe deluſive frauds,
That bind reflection down on triple chains
Of ſuperſtition, prejudice, and folly,
Leſt the expatiating mind ſhould riſe
To view and ſcrutinize illuſtrious fraud,
They deem it deviliſh hereſy to think
With greater latitude than they preſcribe,

And hold anathema thoſe honeſt few,
Who dare explore with ſacriligious eye
Thoſe doubtful documents which they propound.
So argu'd hell, and in concordant phraſe,
Argu'd hell's miſſionaries to the world.
Man, by refinement rais'd from what he was,
From that when in his ſtate of nature prone,
His mind, ſtill bleſt with innocence and joy,
Enjoy'd repoſe nor ſoar'd above itſelf,
Nor aim'd at ought ſuperior to that ſphere,
In which omniſcient Heaven had fix'd his lot,
Now grown politely bold, refin'd in pride,
Improv'd in arrogance, whoſe wrongful name
The ſons of vanity have knowledge ſtil'd,
He dares to doubt the juſtice of high Heaven,
Calls into queſtion the decrees of fate,
And with unmatch'd audacity contemns
The ways of providence, laughs at the ſchemes
And cenſures blaſphemous thoſe very ſchemes
The god of love, by ordinance divine,
Meant as the means in mercy to mankind
Of our ſalvation from eternal woe.
Thus by his own ambitious reaſonings led,
From priſtine confidence his wandering mind
Is plung'd into innumerable doubts;
Here pendant in ſuſpence, the uncertain ſoul
Entangl'd in the wide ambiguous gloom,
Falls ſtep by ſtep into ſucceſſive doubts.
To what do theſe inquiries lead the mind?
The reaſoning ſceptic proudly anſwers TRUTH,

But how erroneous is the rash reply?
The long investigation and the search
Of disputation, do not always end
In truth's illumin'd empire; no! we find
That oft, too oft th' enquiring heart is led
From ignorance; the question to resolve;
Let infidels exclaim with haughtiest cry
That they have found the goddess where she lay
Conceal'd from vulgar men; their cry is false,
What proof, what evidence have they adduc'd
To vindicate those arguments they use,
Or to confute those doctrines they condemn?
Still in uncertainty they seem to doubt
Their own assertions, nor can satisfy
Themselves with what they offer to the world
As incontestible: this plainly proves
That reason is not always in the right.
That man is not infalliable as Heaven,
Else should we all *sans* controversy know
How to avoid each error, and pursue
One common path to certainty and truth:
But since from common incidents we find
That men more frequently go wrong than right;
And, as experience in each instance shews,
In common things whate'er we do or know,
How small the portion of perfection is,
We aptly may conclude that each resolve,
Each system or opinion we can form,
Except when prompted by the heavenly voice
Of true apocalypse, may verge on doubt:

We hence determine that the ſceptic's cauſe,
Reft of that 'vantage, in this gulph muſt fall;
'Tis doubt, uncertainty, 'tis deepeſt doubt;
The rock on which the infidel has ſplit,
Driven from his moorings in that happy port,
Where truth's firm cable and our anchor hope
Had bound his ſoul in peace and tranquil joy;
Whilſt calm religion kindly, at his helm,
Promis'd to ſteer him ſafely through the ſeas,
The ſtorms and tempeſts of life's various voyage,
And land him gently on the ſhores of peace:
Driven did I ſay? yes, when the ſtorms of doubt,
The billowing whirlwinds of his wild deſires,
Had toſs'd on high, like to the wintry ſurge,
The whirling paſſions of his wandering mind,
And thrown him tempeſt driven about that main,
That ocean of inquietude and care,
Where mad ambition, foundering oft is loſt,
Plung'd in the gloomy vortex of deſpair.
Is it for you, imperious ſons of pride!
Offspring of error, folly's reſtive brood,
Is it for you, all-wiſe, all perfect form'd,
Thus to diſpute perfection of thy God?
Are you, am I to judge of Heaven's deſigns,
To ſcan each purpoſe, order each decree,
And redicule thoſe doctrines that inform
The terrific ſoul her way to Heaven,
Becauſe our minds, contracted, cannot view,
Or fathom, or with ſatisfaction gueſs,
What are the effects that omniſcient Heaven,

With eye intuitive, through endleſs time,
Means to produce from each effective cauſe,
Becauſe his ſchemes we cannot comprehend,
Shall we diſpute the wiſdom of his ways?
Wiſdom that ever perfect, infinite,
Incapable of error and defect,
Still wiſely operates, and for the beſt.
Thoſe holy oracles, by hands divine,
Beſtow'd on man, in mercy to his ſtate,
That ſtate of darkneſs, ignorance and guilt,
In which tranſgreſſion and contempt of Heaven
Had plunged him; thoſe indubitable truths,
Which you call falſehood, and that hoſt of ſaints,
By you denominated vileſt cheats.
What are the precepts which they promulgate,
Or what the doctrines that they would enforce?
That you thus baſely ſtigmatize with names,
That would abuſe e'en legend moſt abſurd;
Ill ſuits with that finite creature man,
With mind unequal to the ſimple taſk
Of knowing in the leaſt degree himſelf,
Preſumptuous thus infinity to ſcan,
And circumſcribe the attributes of God!
Why, infidel! ſuppoſe I grant thee all
Thou ſhalt advance, and tacitly concur
In every argument, what boots it me,
Or thee, or all mankind in general, this conſent?
Where lies the advantage we ſhall hence derive?
The means of grace that ſcriptural page diſclos'd
Though in profoundeſt myſtic veſtment clad,

With seeming contradictions interwarp'd,
Seem'd only so to the unfaithful eye
Of sceptic prejudice; the heaven-led heart,
Secure in these assurances repos'd,
Nor ever entertain'd one single doubt.
Truth in each sentence shone, in every page
Concordance stood confess'd; throughout the whole
Consistency so manifest appear'd,
That to the reverend volume sanction gave,
And stamp'd it as veracity divine.
The humble peasant who with sinewy arm
And reeking temples till'd the stubborn glebe,
In ardent toil to earn his bitter bread,
Nor once repin'd at this his hardy lot,
Nor murmur'd at the stern decrees of fate,
That plac'd him in condition thus unkind,
When the proud tyrant with usurping hands,
Seiz'd on the produce of his labouring hours,
Or fell oppression dragg'd him to the cell
Of solitary dungeon, there to taste
The yet still bitter pangs of want and woe.
Nay, tho' the rage of fortune and the world
Unitedly conspire to gall his life,
And render being his severest curse,
Still from adversity's profoundest depths,
Through each vicissitude of varying woe,
In confidence he tugg'd his loathsome life,
Supported and upborn on firmest hope,
Superior to all sublunary cares,
He view'd a certainty of future joys,

That promis'd to reward his every pang,
With circling ages of extatic bliſs:
But thou, O ſceptic! univerſal foe,
To human peace an adverſary ſworn,
Tho', in profeſſion outward to the world,
Doſt ſtile thyſelf philanthropiſt, whoſe aims
Are to advance the happineſs of all,
Are meant our ſocial comforts to extend,
And give redreſs and pleaſure to mankind;
Thou with thy baneful and pretended ſhew
Of truths, of reaſon, and ſuch doctrines vile,
Garb'd in hypocriſy, with deviliſh blaſt,
Didſt poiſon his quietus and deſpoil
The happy founded ſtructure of his hopes,
And left him nought to recompence his cares,
His wants, his pains, his ſorrows, and his wrongs,
But dark deſpondence and a gulph of doubts.
This is your charity, you ſons of light!
'Tis thus your liberal purpoſes you prove,
To lead from hop'd-for bliſs, to real woe,
To take the ſubſtance and beſtow the ſhade.
Few are the pleaſures that my days have known,
My ſtate is ſuch that doth exclude
The various raptures that on others wait;
Stern indigence ſevere, with chilling hand,
Chokes and expunges every ſpark of joy;
This with other woes united, renders ev'ry day,
Each hour, each moment of my tedious life
Completely comfortleſs: what then remain'd,

When quite neglected by the hand of pride,
Spurn'd by the inſolent, the rabble's ſcorn?
What then is left to hope? ſtill, ſtill my heart
My happy ſoul, unconquer'd by diſtreſs,
Look'd onward, with new confidence inſpir'd,
Beheld from Heav'n the compenſating hand,
That held for all my ſufferings and my wrongs
A kind reward. Say then ungenerous train;
Would you, by means uncommonly ſevere,
Attempt to circumvent my laſt reſort,
And with your hell-like friendſhips curſe me quite?
Yes, thus you mark your philanthropic zeal,
Thus vindicate your charitable plans
Of reformation in the moral world:
But how miſtaken are the devious ſchemes,
The proud ſuggeſtions that your doctrines boaſt?
You ſay they breed morality and truth,
Inſpire devotion and exalt the ſoul
To more ſublime conceptions of her God,
By diſſipating for the flimſy ſhroud
Of uſeleſs ceremony and parade.
All this I grant; he who thinks more ſublime,
With greater veneration or eſteem,
Of the Omnipotent, all nature's God
Than I, exiſts not: yes! his wond'rous hand
Appears ſelf-evident in all his works;
But ſay ſhall we diſclaim thoſe fulgent truths,
Thoſe evangelic oracles that ſpring
From ſacred revelation's brighter baſe,
But merely to adopt the ſimpler code,

Of human ethics for our rule of faith?
What tho' for moral rectitude you fight,
Tho' to the mind thoſe wond'rous powers aſcribe
Of innate reaſon or in that native ſence,
Inherent in the ſoul, whoſe rightful voice
Can univerſal rectitude inform.
Suppoſe it ſo, what mighty difference ſtands?
What inconſiſtency to diſunite
The goſpel precept from the moral page?
Faith, mercy, hoſpitality, and love,
Piety, juſtice, clemency, and truth,
Parental reverence, honeſtly to all,
The one commands; does t'other theſe forbid?
No! hand in hand, in moral truths agreed,
Have walk'd, in various periods, different climes,
A Zoroaſter and a Plato ſage,
A Triſmagyſtes, wiſe Confucius good;
Nor a Jeſus in one point oppos'd,
Their moral doctrines or their truths condemn'd:
But ſay tho' man, as perfectly complete
In all thoſe moral documents and rules,
As man is capable of being made,
Tho' he with ſtricteſt rigour ſhall attend
To all thoſe obligations and thoſe ties,
That man to man as equal claimant owes,
Does this invalidate religion's claim,
And ſet as nought our duties to high Heav'n?
As debtor to his God, poor needy man
Stands an inſolvent; few, ah! very few

Are thoſe advances he can ever make,
To liquidate, much leſs diſcharge the debt,
With our moſt ardent ſtrenuous efforts join'd,
To do thoſe things we have moſt right to do:
Unprofitable ſervants are we all,
Our pray'rs are not amongſt the claims of Heav'n,
As theſe reſult but from our own deſires,
Yet is it no unſacred thing to pray;
It vouches our dependence on that hand,
Without whoſe aid man little could obtain.
Then riſe my ſoul, with ſacred zeal inſpir'd,
In humbleſt attitude that grace implore,
That to the wilder'd ſoul can give repoſe,
And to the mind, invelop'd in the gloom
Of anxious doubt, can give the cheering light
Of his bleſt ſpirit and of Heav'n-born peace:
And ſince our praiſe of conſequence we owe
To him, whoſe power produc'd us and ſupplies
Our various wants, nay more our comforts too,
Praiſe him, my heart, in grateful anthems praiſe
His ever great, his good, his hallow'd name;
And you your voices join deluded throng,
You that, by fair couch'd arguments miſled,
Have widely wander'd from your priſtine faith,
Return with penitence, to him return,
Who with a father's fondneſs can forgive
Your numerous errors and unnumber'd crimes;
Invoke religion, the whoſe ſoothing voice
Speaks not in thunders, nor tempeſtuous rage,
But with a genial hand ſupplies the balm

Of halcyon comfort to the troubl'd heart;
From her, and her alone, this truth obtain,
That human happineſs in human wit
Exiſts not, nor in all the baſe parade
Of ſtudied reaſonings, and the ſubtle ſhafts
Of logic doubtful, duplicate, and dull:
Theſe arguments, through all their pompous glare,
This one poor melancholy fact contain,
When e'er you tempt this interdicted field,
Much may be loſt, but nothing can be won.

AULD LANG SEYNE.

Written in the CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

WHEILST ſome the ſoldiers deeds emblaze,
An taulk of ſeiges and campaigns,
Or ſome the weiley ſtateſman praiſe,
Whea hauds of government the reins;
Or others reang the rheymers vearſe,
An caw the jingling ſentence ſeyne,
Be meyne the buſnes to rehearſe
The parliſh turns of auld lang ſeyne.

Threyce happy days of paſt deleight,
'At ſliving teyme whurls faſt away,
When plizzer ſmeyl'd on ivry neight,
An ſpworts beguil'd the leeve lang day.
Twas than or wardly faſh I knew,
Or luive or loſs had gar'd me peyne,
That oft, weel pleas'd, I wad review
The gladſome page of auld lang ſeyne.

Yence on a claſhy winter neight,
Wheyte maiz'd wi' loungin on ith' nuok,
A palmer'd out as chance wad heſt,
An till a neybors houſe a tuok,

The man was gailey up i' years,
An wearan faſt to leyſes decleyne,
An monny a ſaimiſh teale cud tell
O' upturns duin i' auld láng ſeyne.

When veyle moſs troopers, bworder bred,
To reeve and pillage flock to arms,
Beewar than that-a-donnet led,
Bouz'd into Cummerland i' ſwarms:
Our kye, our owſen, off they druove,
Our geer, our graith, our naigs, our ſweyne,
An monny a laſs, her luckleſs luive
Was left to wail for auld lang ſeyne.

Yence on a teyme a hangrell gang
Com wuth a benſil owr the ſea,
Wheyle flocks an herds they gar'd them ſpang,
An pot oth' country in a bree;
Up a dark lonnin faſt they ruode,
Thinking to ſhelter their deſeygne,
Whoaping their fit hauld to meak guid,
As monny a teyme they'd duone lang ſeyne.

Kemp Dobbie, as they canteran com,
Furſt ſpyt them, but quo' he ne'er ak,
Divent be ſhait o' them lad Tom,
But lets cour down i' this deyke back,
Sea ſaid an humly cowrs they ſat,
Up brous'd the taiſſrels in a leyne,

Till reeght for-nenſt them up they gat,
An rowr'd now lads for auld lang ſeyne.

Back helter-ſkelter, panic ſtruck,
Towards heame they kevvel'd yen and aw,
Nor ventur'd yen an a—ward luik,
For fear he'd in the gilderts faw:
Thus ſingle twa, aboun a ſcwore
Druive fleely frae their cwoarſe deſeyge,
An yet though diſbelief may glowr,
This realy com to paſs lang ſeyne.

Thus through the langſome winter neights,
O' curious teales ſec rowth he'd tell,
O' Brownies gheaſts and flayſome feeghts,
Enough to flay the aulden's ſell;
As how when witches here war reyſe,
Reeght ſonſy fwolk they gar't to peyne,
An Mitchel Scot's ſtrange fearfu leyſe,
He telt reeght gleeſomely lang ſeyne.

Scot yence got Criffell on his back,
Some pedder-like as ſtwories tell,
But whow! his girtins gev a crack,
An down his boozy burden fell.
Auld nick and Scot yence kempt they ſay,
Whea beſt a reape frae Saun cud tweyne,
Cluots beg'd ſome caff, quo' Mitchel nay,
Sea bang'd the deel at that lang ſeyne.

Wi cliſh-ma-clauer, cracks, and jwokes,
My friend and me the evenings paſt,
Unenvying finger-fed feyne ſwolks,
Unmeyndfu o' the whuſtlin blaſt:
Wi ſweet content, what needit mair?
For nought need we our gizrins tweyne,
The aul' man's common ſimple prayer
Was ay God be wi auld lang feyne.

Sometеymes he'd talk in wonderous rheymes,
About t' rebellion, and how th' ſcots
Com owr, and what ſec parliſh teymes;
They hed to heyde their butter pots,
Aw maks o geer i' faicks they huod,
To th' fells they druive baath beaſe and ſweyne;
Man! it wad chell thy varra bluid
To hear o' th' warks o' auld lang ſeyne.

Yet though ſec bruolliments gallwore,
Oft ſnaip'd the whyet of our days,
Yet Guode be thank't this awfu' ſtowre
Suin ceas'd wi' aw its ſeary phraiſe.
Than ſmeyling peace yence mair reſtword
Content or joy to ivry meynde,
And rowth and plenty crown'd each bword,
Nea mair we fret for auld lang ſeyne.

Oh! weels me on thar happy teymes,
When aw was freedom, friendſhip, joys,

Or paughty preyde or neamleſs creymes
War kent our comforts to deſtroy;
Nea thowghts of rank engag'd the ſoul,
But equals ſeem't the ſquire and heynd,
The laird and dar'ker cheek by chowle
Wad ſit and crack of auld lang ſeyne,

Twas than that nin however great,
Abuin his neybor thowght his ſell,
Bit lads and laſſes wont to meet,
Wi merry chang their teales to tell;
Frae houſe to houſe the rock gairds went,
I'th winter neyghts when t' muin did ſhine,
When luivſome ſangs an blythe content
Begueyl'd the hours of auld lang ſeyne.

Lang ſtreek'd out owr the clean hearth ſteane,
The lads their ſicker ſtations tuik,
Wheyles to beet on the elden; yen
As th aul' guid man ſat up i'th nuik.
When Curſenmaſs com, what ſtiven wark
Wi ſweet mincht pyes and hackins ſeyne,
An upſhots conſtan'ly by dark,
Frae Yuole to Cannelmas lang ſeyne.

But ſuin as ſmeyling ſpring appear'd,
The farmer leaves the ing'le ſeyde,
His naigs are graith'd, his plows are geer'd,
For ither winters to proveyde.

Blythe as a lavrick owr the rig,
He lilts through monny a langſome leyne,
An ſouthy crops o' beans an bigg,
Neiſt year meek up for aul' lang ſeyne.

Owr aw the joys the ſeaſons bring,
Nin, bonny hay teyme, comes leyke thee,
Weel pleas'd wi lythe the laſſes ſing,
The lads drive on wi hearty glee;
Raſhly they ſcale the ſcattran ſwathe,
Wi zig zag fling the reakers tweyne,
An ſeylin ſweats their haffets bathe,
Sec wark was meyne weel pleas'd lang ſeyne.

But hay teyme owr an harveſt come,
Shek reype an ready to be ſhworne,
See how the kempan ſheerers bum,
An rive an bin an ſtook their cworn;
At darknin canty heam they turn,
Whar a douce ſupper pangs them ſeyne,
Or if they're duin a rivan kurn
Meks up for pinchry lang ſeyne.

Laſt, beſt of aw, comes on Carle fair,
Frae ivry airt the young fwolk droove,
The lads weel don't, the laſſes fair,
Joy in their een, their bwoſoms luive;
Wi lowpin, dancin, an deray,
Wi neyce ſhwort ceaks, ſweet punch an weyne,

An ſec leyke things they ſpent the day:
There's nea ſpworts now leyke aul' lang ſeyne.

Thus vearſt in legendary teale,
This aulf'rt chronicle cud tell
Things that yaens varra lugs wad geale,
Of what to this an that befell;
But hirplan faſt on leyſe's downhill,
His prejudice wad fare incleyne
To think the preſent nought but ill,
An nought at dow but aul' lang ſeyne.

Frae ſympathy as ſtrange as true,
E'en I his nwotions ſeem to catch;
For far geane times when I review,
I'm with the prizzent leyke to fratch:
Yes, there's a ſecret plizzer ſprings
Frae retroſpect, that ſooths the meynde,
Reflection back to fancy brings
The joyous hours of aul' lang ſeyne.

Farweel ye moments of deleyght,
Adieu ye ſcenes I lang may mourn,
Nea mair ye cheer my anxious ſeight,
Impoſſible ye ſhall return:
Leyſes darknin loors, the ſun of youth
On wintry eage mun ceaſe to ſhine,
An ſtouteſt hearts confeſs this truth,
The prizzent's nought leyke aul' lang ſeyne.

But whether 'tis the partial eye,
With glaſs inverted, ſhews the ſcene,
The guode things paſt reſolve to ſpy
And blaſt the prizzent wid our ſpleen
I know not; this alone I know,
Our paſt misfortunes wee'd propeyne
T' oblivion, wheylſt our prizzent woe
Maks dear the joys of aul' lang ſeyne.

For as I range the weel kent haunts
Of paſt amuſements, youthful bliſs,
Wi' impulſe ſtrange my bwoſom pants
For what yence was, for what now is:
Each ſtep I tread ſome far fled hour
Of paſt endearment, brings to meynde
Each callar ſhade an ſeylent bower,
Ca' back the joys of aul' lang ſeyne.

Than doubly ſweet the black-bird ſang,
Wi tenfold beauties ſmeyl'd the grove,
Creation roun' ya chorus rang,
Twas plizzers tuone inſpir'd by luive;
But when auld eage was ſliving han',
Sal roun'd the heart inſiduous tweyne,
Tis than we ſee an wonly than,
The prizzent's nought leyke auld lang ſeyne.

A BON MOT.

ITS ſtrange how aptly from firſt ſight men judge,
This thing or that denominating ſudge,
Catching each prejudice from outward ſhew,
Without examining what lies below;
Wiſe, fooliſh, worthy, worthleſs, bad, or good,
With glance intuitive is underſtood;
Nay ſome they are ſo penetrating reckon'd,
As if from firſt ſight they had gain'd the ſecond;
A gliſtning veſtment or a thread-bare coat,
With them doth wit or want of it denote,
And every item of exterior dreſs,
Certes th internal merit doth confeſs:
Juſt like exciſemen, they preciſely ſcan
And guage the ſum of intellect in man,
He that has wealth's a wit, and by that rule,
He that is deſtitute's of courſe a fool.
Immortal Sterne hath ſome where ſaid of Trim,
Whene'er I think of this I think of him,
That he one day to parſon Yorrick ſaid,
Being nettled with the curates punning,
For godſake do leave off this funning,
As you ſay, but as I ſay, ill bred trade,
Sir I preſume, againſt that awful day,
When univerſal inqueſt ſhall be made,
Impartial Heaven will ſmall attention pay
To outſide title, coulouring, or parade;

But if we've done our duty here below,
Like champions true and kept the proper tack on,
Eternal juſtice will not ſeek to know
Whether 'twas in a red coat or a black one;
One day engaged in various chat,
Pope with an old acquaintance ſat,
'Twas in a coffee houſe, coffee houſe ſome ſuch,
The poet from his pocket drew.
A latin manuſcript to ſhew
A paſſage which perplex'd him much;
His friend with penetrating eye
Survey'd the ſentence o'er and o'er,
Tittle by tittle but no more
A right conſtruction could ſupply,
Than could our bard himſelf before.

A ſpruce young officer who chanc'd to be
In the ſame box, or in that next them,
Deſir'd they'd be ſo good as let him ſee
The paſſage which ſo much had vex'd them:
Pope with a moſt contemptuous vapour,
To our young ſoldier gave the paper,
Who after having look'd at it a while,
Return'd it with a ſmile,
Obſerving that the matter was quite plain,
And needs but little explanation,
As the true ſenſe they'd eaſily obtain
By juſt inſerting an interrogation.

Interrogation! with a ſneer,
Quoth Pope, why Sir, I pray what's that?
The ſmart who fancied Alexander queer,
Replied with anſwer pat,
That bore reproof but not illnature's ſting.
Nor ſpleen's ſugeſtions,
Sir 'tis a little crooked thing
That aſketh queſtions.

EPITAPH,

On the late ROBERT BURNS.

STOP, nor incurious paſs this hallowed ſhrine,
Where Scotia's genius o'er her favourite mourns.
But if thy heart to ſympathy incline,
That tribute offer at the ſhrine of Burns.
What tho' no gorgeous ſepulchre emblaz'd,
Or proud mauſoleum riſe to ſpeak his fame;
He to himſelf a monument has rais'd,
That ſhall alone immortalize his name.

*** It is a melancholy fact, that this much and juſtly boaſted Poet of Scotland, lies buried in the Church-yard of Dumfries, without ſo much as a Hic Jacet, to ſpeak his whereabouts.

THE BRIDEWAIN.

Written in the CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

The ſubject of the following poem, with many of the incidents it contains, may perhaps, to ſome of our remoter country men, appear rather romantic and ludicrous, whilſt others may be diſpoſed to object entirely to the verity of ſuch a narrative; but to thoſe who are more intimately acquainted with the rural manners and ſimple cuſtoms of the county of Cumberland, I am confident of their acknowledging every circumſtance which has been introduced; nay even what may appear the fanciful embelliſhments of this paſtoral. It is a fact well known to the inhabitants of this county, that when a youthful couple conceive a diſpoſition to venture on the voyage of matrimony, with perhaps more of the aſſurances of the blind god, than the blind goddeſs, or in plain Engliſh, with more love than money, the bridegroom generally engages two or three of his companions to aſſiſt him in canvaſſing round ten or a dozen of the adjacent pariſhes, where they invite all, indiſcriminately, to aſſemble on ſuch a day, to aſſiſt in ſolemnizing the nuptials of ———. On the day appointed, which is generally a week or fortnight after the day of invitation, the country

people, for many miles round, repair to the houſe of the young couple, or place where the marriage is to be celebrated, where is witneſſed a ſcene of truly rural feſtivity: the exerciſes and various entertainments which aid in beguiling this day of convivial merriment, are what chiefly occupy the ſubſequent verſes.

AW you that ſmudge at merry teales,
Or at devarſhon ſheyle,
Or goff and gurn at tuolliments,
Now lend your lugs a while;
For ſec an infair I've been at,
As hes bit ſeldom been,
Whar was ſec wallopan an wark
As varra few hev ſeen
By neight or day.

Bit furſt I'll tell ye how an why
This parliſh bout began,
An when an whar, and whea they w'ar
At made aw this feyne fun:
Furſt you mun ken a youthfu pair,
By frugal thrift exceyted,
Wad hev a bridewain, and of courſe
The country roun inveyted
Agean that day.

At S-b-n-s, ith' Abby Houme,
This weddin it was hauden,
Bit or the teyme arriv'd, ſome friens
An neybors furſt war caw'd on;

Wi them in council grave they fixt
What methods to proceed on,
An aw the buſnes there an than
Was finally agreed on,
Clean through that day.

Neiſt day a dizzen Iſh young lads
Wi naigs weel graith'd an hearty,
Wi whup an ſpur, thro' ſtenk an ſtowre
Set off, a jolly party;
Frae town to town leyke weyld they flew,
Or houſe where'er they ſpy'd yen,
An ivry lad or laſs they met
I'th houſe or out, to th' bridewain
They bad that day.

Through o'th Houme pariſh furſt they ruode,
Frae t' Auld Kiln to Kurkbreyde,
To Aikton, Bowneſs, Banton, Bruff,
An roun o' th country ſeyde;
An monny a harlin reace they hed,
Owre paſture, hill, and deal,
An monny a coup an caike they gat,
An monny a tift o' yell,
Ith' rwoad that day.

An ſome ruode eaſt an ſome ruode weſt,
An ſome ruode faſt an far,
An ſome gat ſea miſlear'd wi drink
They ruode the deel kens whar.
Now th' auld guode ſwokes that ſtaid at heame,
As thropweyſe they war thrang,

An meat an drink, an ither things,
Reight moidert war amang
Through aw that day.

Now aw their biddin owr an duone,
Reight tirt they heamward ſpeed,
But ſome at th' Abbey, owr a quart,
Theirſells to ſlocken 'greed;
Than great Job Bruff gat on a through,
An rais'd a fearſu rout,
At ſome day ſuon at S-b-n-s,
They'd hev a parliſh bout
O'th' bridewain day.

At laſt this ſizlin pack conſent
When dark, towards heam to draw,
Than down to th' Cwoate, for t'other ſlwote
They gallop yen an aw;
This neight the chearfu breyde-pot's drunk,
Wi dances, ſangs, and murth,
An maybe ſome ſma' jobs are duon,
That buſnes may caw forth
Some other day.

At laſt the lang expected mworn
Of murriment arrives,
Wheyle helter-ſkelter frae aw airts,
I' ſwarms the country drives;
The laſſes in their ſeyne pearce cleas,
The lads baith trig and ſouple;
Owr hill an knowe, thro' ſcugh an ſowe
Comes tifftan many a couple,
Hauf ſaim'd that day.

Frae Gowgoe, Brumfelt, an Cruckdake,
Frae Speatry, Bwoal, an Bowtam;
An ivry parish roun about,
The fwoaks i' ſwarms come rowten;
An monny a queerfart jwoat was there,
An monny an unco't ſhaver,
Some wantin mence, ſome wantin ſenſe,
And ſome their beſt behaviour
Put on that day.

Wi bizzy care the bluſhin breyde
And maids theirſells are buſſin,
Wheyle ſome wi pillion ſeats an ſonks
To gear their naigs are ſuſſin,
Wi glentin ſpurs an weel cleant buits,
Kin ſark and neyce cword breeches,
The breydegruome roun the middin pants,
Proud as a peacock ſtritches
Reeght crouſe that day.

Now heevy-ſheevey off they ſet
To th' kurk, a merry crew,
Some gravely pats'd up th' turnpeyke rwoads,
Wheyle ſome leyke leghtnin flew;
Neer ak, they aw gat theere i' teyme,
The prieſt was ready waitin;
The wed'ners juſt tuok gluts a piece
Wheyle he is buik was laitin
Frae th kiſt that day.

His leſſon fun' an aw ſet reeght,
To wark they git wi ſpeed,

You tak this woman for your weyfe,
The breydegruome grumph'd agreed ;
An you young woman promiſe here
To honour and obey
Your ſpouſe in all he may require,
The breyde ſaid mantan n-yea,
Weel ſee ſome day.

Cwloſe buckled now, the parſon peyde,
Furth frae the kurk they waddle,
An thick an three ſaald, han' owr head,
Each loups out owr his ſaddle ;
The laſſes lap up hint their lads,
Some ſtridlins an ſome ſeydeways,
An ſome there war that wiſht their lot
Hed been what Ann's the breyde was,
Ay oft that day.

Aw hors'd ageane, ſtreeght up th' town geate,
Leyke wu'lfire off they flee,
An nowther puol nor peet-ſtack flinch,
Theyre off wi ſec a bree ;
Twas a fair ſtart, its a preyme reace,
Winge you how faſt they gang,
Bit yonder Jerry Skelton's lad,
Hee's fawn off wid a whang,
For ſeer this day.

Browne o'th Moſs Seyde how he does reyde,
Wi lang neck'd ſpurs hees rivan ;
An yonder's Glaiſter o'th Black Deyke,
Leyke that o' donnet drivan ;

As for yon Peape, if he eſceape
A neck-breck, its uncommon,
Bit Weyſe grey meare, hed ſhe been here,
She wad been bang'd by nea man
It's here to-day.

Bit now they're fairly out o' feeght,
Theyre wheyte doun Coava lonnin,
Come we mun ſettle up ourſells,
Its teyme we ſud be donnan:
I waddent leyke to be owr lang,
Come Jwoſep, Izbel, hye ye,
You'l ſuin be buſs'd, and nin behin,
I fackins ſal gang bye ye
I'th rwoad this day.

Now the weddiners are at th' far end,
An aw through ither cruonin,
Wheyle th fiddlers theyre at wark ith leathe,
An thrang theyre fiddles tuoning:
Tom Trimmel, Tommy Baxter Staig,
Nay hauf a ſcwore theyve led in,
An theyre aw rozzlean up theyre bows
To ſtreyke up Cuddy's Weddin,
Wi glee this day.

The breyde now on a coppy ſtuol
Sits down i'th fauld aw withran,
With pewter dibler on her lap,
On which her towgher's gethrin;
The ſwoak leyke pez in a keale pot
Are yen through tother minglin,

An crowns an hauf crowns thick as hail
Are i' the dibler jinglan
Reeght fast that day.
Nit yen thats owther mence or sheame
Wad be that snaflin ninny
As to haud back their gift, nay some
Wad whuther in a guinea.
I'th meanteyme th fiddlers changt an playt
As hard as they cud peg,
Till th offering it was fecly duon,
When back toth barn to sweg
They bous'd ta day.
Now lowndrin shives o' cheese and breed,
Are down their gizzrins whang'd,
An some there war cud scarcely speak,
Their thropples war sea pang'd;
Bit twea or three let downs o' yell,
Suon set their hawses free,
When thus with pith restword, yence mair
They tak a nudder spree,
Till cramm'd that day.
Indeed there was some seckless swoak
At luikt to be owr heyce,
At nobbit nibblen peyket an eat
Just leyke as monny meyce;
Bit yen thare was some yetherin dogs
At owr the leave laid th capsteane,
For some they said eat lumps as big
As Sammy Liank's lapsteane,
I'th barn that day.

Theyre keytes weel trig'd wi ſolid gear,
They now began to guzzle,
Wheyle yell in jugs an canns was brought,
An held to ivry muzzle;
They drank in piggins, peynts, or quarts,
Or ought at com to han,
An ſome they helt it down ſea faſt,
They ſuin cud hardly ſtan
Thar ſells that day.

At laſt ſome liſh young ſouple lads
Their naigs frae th buoſies brought,
An off they ſet to try a reace,
The prize was nieſt to nowght;
A rig-reape, braugham, pair o' heams,
Or ſomething o' that ſwort;
Nea matter, treyſle as it was,
It meade them ſameiſh ſpwort,
O'th ſands that day.

Some for a pair of mittans loup;
Some wurſtled for a belt;
Some plaid at pennice ſteans for braſs;
An ſome ameaſt gat fel't;
Hitch ſtep and loup ſome try'd for ſpwort,
Wi monny a ſair exertion;
Ithers for bits o' baccoe gurn'd;
An ſec leyke daft devárſhon
Put owr that day.

Now ſome o'th menceful mak o' ſwoak,
As ſuon as things war ſettled,

When they'd yence hed a decent ſnack,
To ſet off heamwards ſettled;
Bit monny-a yen there war that ſtaid,
Auld ſlee buits that war deeper,
An Philip Meſher cried hout, ſtop!
Guod drink was never cheaper
Than'ts here to-day.

Full monny a reeght guod teyper com,
As th country ſeyde cud brag on;
Nay, there was ſome that at a win
Cud tuom down a heal flaggon.
Wi caſks weel ſeaſon'd frae aw nuiks
Thur bachanalians gethert,
An ſome there war at claſht their keytes
Till they war fairly yethred
Wi drink that day.

Some crack o' brandy, ſome o' rum,
An ſome o weyne far ſought;
That drink o' my opinion's beſt,
At we can get for nought;
That day i' this ſeame thought wi me,
I witneſſed monny a ſeyper;
For Lanty Rutſon, he ſuon gat
As full as ony peyper,
Suon on that day.

Blackan o' Wartan, he was there,
An th Barwiſe Lads o'th Tarns,
Wi Iriſh Curſty, Canteran Ned,
An fratcheous Gweordy Barnes,

Wi ſtutran Iſaac, liſpan Frank,
Job Keay, an Robby Weyſe,
An hundreds mair wheas neams to tell,
Or ſing, wad ſarra tweyce,
War there that day.

Wi fidlin, dancin, cracks, an yell,
The day ſlipt ſwiftly owr,
An monay a ſcwore or darknin gat
As drunk as they cud glowr.
When great Tom Carr, that man o' war,
Com ſtackrin on to th fleer,
He ſlapt his ham an crid od dam,
I'll box wi onny here
At dare this day.

Than Watty Farguſon, provwok'd
To hear this haufthick rattle,
Fetch'd him a fluet undert lug,
An ſea began their battle:
Claſh tuot they fell, wi thumps pell-mell,
Wheyle aw was hurdum durdum;
An ſome amang the ſkemmels fell,
An ithers nearly ſmuir'd tem
I'th fray that neeght.

Juſt leyke as when ſome druove o' kye
Brek back an a—ewards hurry;
Sea here thur govifons leyke font
Wad yen a nudder lurry;
Stark mother neakt they ſkelpt about,
An ſome gat deeviliſh knockin;

But th ſilly Blackburd o' Well Raſh,
Poor man his leg gat brokken
Some way that neeght.
The fiddlers bang'd up o' their legs,
Some fought, ſome ſwear, ſome holoed;
The laſſes ſkurlin clamb up th mews,
An ſome flee hanniels followed:
Bit ſuon as aw this ſtowre was laid,
An aw was whiſht an whiet;
Bounce down they lap, the ſpwort renew,
A nudder ſpell to try at
Their reels that neeght.
Lang ſair they kevvell'd, danc'd, an ſang,
An parliſh duſts they hed;
Till it began to grow nar th teyme
At ſwoak ſud gang to bed;
The breydemaids aw wi feſſlan care,
The breyde hauf yieldin doff,
An the blythe pair in a han clap
War gueſſend up i'th loft
Reeght ſnug that neeght.
The couple now i'th blankets ſtow'd,
A ſwort o'th revellan bruocies
Unſatisfied, wi ae conſent,
Went lethfan down to Lucy's;
Juſt leyke louſe nowt they bang'd up ſtairs,
Th lang room it bumm'd an thunnert,
An ſome yen'd thought tove browght downt houſe
About them waddent ſkunnert
Wi noiſe that neeght.

Here th better mak o' them that com,
Wi country dances vapourt;
Bit them at dought not try ſec ſprees,
Wi jigs and three-reels caport.
Mull'd yell an punch flew roun leyke ſteyſe,
The fiddlers aw gat ſuddled;
An monny a lad their ſweethearts hed
I nuoks an corners hudlet
Unſeen that neeght.

Aul Deacon, wi his puffs an ſpeyce
Was there, wi him Dog Mary,
Wi ſnaps an gingerbread galwore,
The neyce ſwoak cawt them ſlairy;
Bit plenty nought o'th ſecret knew,
An faſt their braſs was wairin;
An th lads reeght keynd the laſſes treat
Wi monny a teaſty fairin,
I' dauds that neeght.

At laſt twas gittan wheyte ſuor days,
The lavrocks ſhrill war wuſlin,
Wheyle yen by yen wheyte daizt an deylt,
O'th rwoad t'wards heam are wruſtlin;
Bit ſome wad yet hev tother quart
Befwore o'th rwoad they venturt,
Sea ramm'd away to Richard Riggs,
An leyke mad owſen entert,
Owr drunk that day.

Here aw was ya confuſion thro',
Loud crackan, fratchan, ſwearan;

Wheyle ſome o'th hallan or the mell deers,
Their geyleſat guts war clearan.
The fiddlers they o'th parlour fought,
An yen a nudder pelted,
Tom Trimmel leyke Mendoza fierce,
Poor Tommy Baxter welted,
Reeght fair that day.

Wheyte tirt at laſt wi drink an noiſe,
Hauf wauken an hauf ſleepin;
I heamwards fettled off reeght tir'd,
Juſt as the Sun was peepin;
Full monny a teyme I've thought ſen ſeyne
On that ſeame biddin weddin;
An Heav'n in pray'r to bleſs that pair
Hev beg'd in bwoard an beddin,
Ever ſen that day.

A NEW YEAR's EPISTLE.

Written in the CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

JWHON o' Weſt-enn, auld frind how ſen ye?
Wul this New Year for better ken ye?
Or leyke me rather marr than men ye
By its addition;
In fec a caſe we've nowght, depend ye,
But fwoarc'd ſubmiſſion.
But faith to glump ye I'd be ſweer
I wiſh ye luck o' this new year;
May ſrinly cracks and curſmaſs cheer
Relax your care;
Wi health, lang leyſe, an rowth o' geer,
For ever mair.
Tho' guodneſs wi this new year gift ye,
Another eken to your fifty,
As tho' by ſtap an ſtap twad lift ye
Clean owr the deyke;
Yet let nea ſnafflin cares e'er drift ye
To pleen an peyke,
Sheame ſa thur pingin gowks that grummel
At weaſten teyme; an munge an mummel
Cauſe they leyke millions mair mun crummel
In death's dark dungeon;
Its nonſenſe o' fec ſtuff to jummel,
An guff-leyke mungan.

Hout man! what ſignifies repeynin?
Owr grankin, ſnifteran, twiſten, tweynin,
If down leyſe's hill we be decleynin,
We cannot ſlack;
Than gang on decent without wheynin,
Or hingin back.
Leyſe, mak the beſt ont's nowght owr pleeſin,
As every day ſome faſh comes teaſin,
An oft eneugh the wheels want greaſin
To keep them ga'un.
Than bruoce about nor tak ſec preeſin,
To nait our awn.
Their puor ill-natur'd ſnouls that cry
This warld's deſtitute of joy;
We ken they lee, an if they try,
Sec thowghts are banniſht:
Our lot of leyſe's not far a jy
If reeghtly manniſht.
But if we wullent be content
Wi th bleſſings ſec as Heav'n has ſent,
But obſtinately wad prevent
Wiſe fate's decree;
Sec ſwoak mun juſt purſue the bent
I' their own bree.
As for me, neyber, as lang as leevan,
I'll ay be wheyte reſeygnt to Heaven,
An thankfu tak the guod things given,
For fear o' forfeit;
Leſt for the ſwarth I paſt retrievan,
The ſubſtance torfeit.

What if the hand of fate unkeynde
Has us'd us, fremtly need we peyne,
Tho you've loſt your ſeeght an me meyne,
We cannot mend it;
Let us be glad the powers deveyne,
Nea war extendit.
Let us, ſen leyſe is but a ſpan,
Still be as canty as we can;
Remembering Heeven has ordered man
To practice patience;
An not to murmur neath his han,
Leyke feckleſs gations.
Methinks I hear you cry out ſtop,
An let ſec leyſeleſs preachments drop;
Thou meynds me weel o' ſome ſuol ſop,
I'th pulpit rantan.
Wey than weel frae this ſubject pop,
An ceaſe this cantin.
Yet man its lang ſen we togither,
Hev hed a crack wi yen a nither;
An now I'm nowther leath nor lither,
If ye've a meynde,
To reang firſt tea part an than tother
Of aul lang ſeyne.
Ay ſpeyte of wreen ill-natures ſays,
For ſeer we yence hed happy days,
An plizzer ſmeyl'd on aw our ways,
Through houſe an bowr;
Tho now the heart inſpirin blaze
Is ſecly owr.

Of aw the ſcenes in leyfes lang round,
Sweet youth, leyke thee nin can be found;
With plizzer thou doſt meaſt abound,
Threyce happy teymes;
Wi joys wheyte parfit, fair, an ſound;
Unclog'd by creymes.
Or when of luive, the kittlein dart
Furſt withers i'th unconſcious heart,
Wi aw the pleaſin, painfu ſmart,
Sec paſſions awn.
An raptures dirl through ivry part,
Befwore unknown.
Than doubly ſweet the lavrock ſang,
Wi ſmeylin ſweets the cowſlips ſprang,
An aw the grove, a gladſome chang
Their joy confeſt:
An happineſs the heale day lang,
Glow'd in each breaſt.
Oft on that ſeaſon I reflect,
That when poſſeſs'd I did neglect;
For which myſell I now correct,
Tho' owr an paſt;
But which I ever mun reſpect,
Ay to my laſt.
Oft-teymes I think, by memory led,
What curious arguments we've hed,
Or crackt away till gawn to bed
Was wheyte forgitten;
An aw the leave by ſleep owrſpread,
War round us ſitten.

Some teymes i'th winter neeghts, when dark
We'd into th Ladies Dí'rys yark,
There wi charade or rebuſs ſtark,
We'd hev a bout;
An monny a teyme we'd puzzlin wark
To find them out.
Someteymes we'd politics in han,
The king, the laws, the reeghts o' man,
The pariſh claſh, the empires ban,
Juſt as it chanct;
Each art an ſcience now an than,
By turns advanct.
For ſubjects we but ſeldom ſought,
They gaily oft war leile or nowght,
Ne'er ak they ay amuſement browght,
An that was plenty;
We freely ſpak whate'er we thowght,
Without being ſtenty.
But ſhaugh! what if thar teymes be geane,
An diſtance part us, need we greane?
We're nowther on us left owr leane,
What need o' grieven?
We now an than can meet agean,
Wheyle we're beath leevin.
Ay lad, bit ſeer when e'er I can,
I'll come an ſee ye now an than,
To hear an ſee how matters ſtan,
Mang th Brough ſeyde ſwoaks;
Or what new cliſh-ma-claver's gaun,
Or jeybes or jwcaks.

For ſtill 'tmun rather eaſe my meynde,
At is bit owr diſpwoſed to tweyne,
To ruminate on aul lang ſeyne;
That happy ſeaſon;
For which through th' leave o' leyſe we peyne,
An guod's our reaſon.

Yes man! there's plizzer in receytin,
Concerns at yence war ſea inveytan,
An even now I feel deleyght in,
By fair reflection;
The varra things which here I'm wreytin
Frae recollection.

Fell memory, leyke a mirror true,
Each youthful paſteyme hauds to view,
And we wi eagerneſs purſue
The font deluſion;
Rangin the pleaſin labrynth through
In weyld extruſion.

The weel kent haunts I viſit keen,
Or ſauntrin peace the paddled green,
War monny a feſtive bout hes been,
An jocand turn;
Ah! man, the days that we hev ſeen,
Mun ne'er return.

Through th lwonly kurk garth as I ſtray,
Surroundin heaps o' kindred clay,
In dumb monition ſeem to ſay,
Wi geaſt leyke caw,
Stop neybor, an a wheyle ſurvey
The end of aw.

Here my yence gay companions ſleep;
Or anters in yon mouldering heap;
Some luivlier female form I weep,
An lang may mourn;
Or wi the breyny tribute ſteep
A parent's urn.
But fancy quit this mournfu' ſcene,
Sec objects nobbit beat thy ſpleen,
An nea occaſion ſud be gien
To melancholy.
Leyſes joys are far owr few I ween
T' excuſe this folly.
No, let's be happy wheyle we may,
As leyſe's bit leyke a winter day,
An hour an hour flees faſt away
To reel of t'reſt on't.
Let us, ſea we've nut lang to ſtay,
Be meakin't beſt on't.
If fortune keyndly ſal ſupply
Aw our deſires, let us enjoy
Her welcome gifts, nor thurſt a jy
The gracious deed;
Leſt unaſſiſted we apply
In pinchin need.
Bit if beneath misfortune's han',
We plunge, an feel her ſmartin wan;
Let us wi fortitude withſtan
The laſh extendit;

As aw things come by Heeven's comman';
An whea can mend it?
Still be your lot that happy ſtate,
Unkent by aw the extremes of fate,
Bit peace an plenty on you wait,
Clean through your leyfe.
An may nea ſkeath at ony rate
Miſlear your weyfe.
Lang be your heart an happins heale;
Ne'er may your conſtitution geale;
Bit ſwoaps o' drink an guod lythe keale,
Cheer up each day;
As lang as th beck down th feggin deale,
Sall wind its way.
Bit now my frien guod evening te ye;
Its turning leate ſea peace be wi ye;
I've nowght except my prayers to gie ye,
Ye ken me true;
I'll ſome day ſuon walk owr an ſee ye:
Till then adue.

WIGTON, *January* 1, 1805.

A LUCUBATION.

ON yon orient hill the ſetting ſun
Now feebly beams the faint remains of day,
Once more his courſe diurnal, Sol has run,
And ſable nights calm entry we ſurvey.
He ſets when now fair Cynthia 'gins to riſe
With milder ray, to cheer the penſive ſhade,
Unnumber'd twinkling orbs bedeck yon ſkies,
And beauties infinite are round diſplay'd.
Shine on, bleſt orbs! ye work of hands divine,
Long may your changes human joys renew;
For me, alas! unnotic'd ſtill you ſhine,
Your glorious ſplendours I no more ſhall view;
Now far around night's ſable veil extends,
And univerſal deepeſt ſilence reigns;
To ſleeps ſoft touch the wearied peaſant bends,
And freed from cares, repoſe her court maintains;
Save where the ever wakeful mind of woe
In ſilent, ſecret melancholy mourns;
Whoſe cares no interval of quiet know,
For whom no dawn of happineſs returns;
Yes, 'tis a painful long and dreary night,
Since laſt the light with gladneſs cheer'd theſe eyes,
And ſadly recogniz'd is each delight,
That printed in remembrance faintly lies;

Thrice happy days! ye ſcenes of youthful joy,
Which recollection now but more endear,
When every hour and moment could employ
The heart with raptures and the boſom cheer;
Ye cloud capt mountains and ye waving woods,
Ye verdant hills and dales once fair to view,
Ye varied landſkips and ye foaming floods,
To you, alas, I bid a long adieu!
The ſong of gladneſs, and the jocund dance,
With pleaſures emulous each to excel,
And beauties that could every heart entrance,
To you I bid an endleſs ſad farewell!
No more your pleaſings pleaſure can impart,
Remember'd raptures bring no freſh delight;
Thoſe charms no more can ſooth the ſadden'd heart,
Obſcur'd in endleſs woe and endleſs night!
O could the powerful hand of fate reſtore
The joys of youth, with all its peaceful train,
Then human life were bliſs, unwanting more,
And age would looſe occaſion to complain:
But Heaven all-wiſe has differently decreed,
And thus has plann'd the ſum of human bliſs,
That pleaſure might with mingled pains ſucceed
That to reflect upon, and look for this;
To teach us whilſt life's devious courſe we tread,
How little real joy on earth is given,
T' inform the heart by virtuous dictates led,
To hope more perfect happineſs in Heaven:
Cheer'd by that hope, with fortitude conjoin'd,
The way worn ſoul bears up againſt her woes,

Still to th' eventful hand of fate reſign'd,
  Aſſur'd at laſt of undiſturb'd repoſe.
What tho' the far-extended gloom of night,
  With all its train of fancied horrors riſe,
What tho' no morning ſun ſhall glad my ſight,
  Or ſcenes of feſtive mirth engage my eyes;
Yet ſtill ſubmiſſive to that wiſe decree,
  Of him whoſe hand ſupports wide nature's frame,
I bend to him whoſe mercy thinks on me,
  Confeſs his goodneſs and protection claim;
That when the tranſcient dream of life is o'er,
  When all its cares and vanities are paſt,
I may be wafted to that peaceful ſhore,
  Where joy unbounded ſhall for ever laſt.

AN EPISTLE

To the Right Rev. EDWARD L—d VERNON, *Biſhop of Carliſle.*

ACCEPT, my L—d, the poor the humble lay,
The only tribute poverty can pay,
Can pay at merit's not at flatt'ry's ſhrine,
Where all to reverence and admire incline;
Nor yet condemn unheard the faithful ſtrain,
Which only waits permiſſion to explain,
And tell the cauſe that urges this addreſs,
Unmeaning to offend, to injure leſs;
To ſervile adulation quite unknown,
My offering breaths ſincerity alone;
Vain tho' it ſeem, no pride inſpires my mind,
Your approbation's all I wiſh to find;
Nay even that were vanity to hope,
And marks ambition in its ampleſt ſcope,
Did not your peerleſs goodneſs all confeſs,
Alone excite and ſanction this addreſs;
Behold in humble mien the ſuppliant muſe,
Who more for pardon than for plaudit ſues,
Fearful ſhe bluſhes leſt unmeant offence
Should raiſe ſuſpicion of impertinence:
But ſay what obvious reaſons can appear
To warrant this extravagance of fear?
Why beats the heart with anxious doubts oppreſt?
Why bluſh the cheek? why heave the flutter'd breaſt?

From you, my L—d, what need to apprehend
One cauſe of pain, to all mankind a friend:
From you whoſe heart, with every virtue ſtor'd,
Seeks but for place its bleſſings to afford.
With heav'n-inſpir'd benevolence replete,
With all that's generous, all that's good, that's great,
The ſingle thought diſpleaſure to ſuſpect,
Were to offend by methods indirect;
The thought injurious could but plead in vain
For pardon, which it ſhould not hope to gain;
Let no falſe founded fears a paſſage find,
To raſhly frame and prejudice the mind;
Where perfect goodneſs regulate the ſoul,
No baſeneſs can its rectitude controul:
Then, huſh my doubts! avaunt my timid fears!
A ray of confidence my boſom cheers;
I feel my heart the warmeſt raptures raiſe,
To join the public in the public praiſe;
Where fir'd by emulation all conſpire
Which to applaud you moſt, and moſt admire;
'Tis your benevolence ſwells the grateful ſong,
Your generous heart inſpires the ardent throng;
See round you preſs whole legions of the poor,
And hoſts of ſupplicants beſet your door;
The weak, the wretched, indigent, oppreſt,
All that miſchance or error has diſtreſt,
Alike excited by your generous name,
Your equal pity and aſſiſtance claim:
Nor claim in vain, not readier moves the tongue,
To tell the tale of wretchedneſs and wrong,

Than moves your hand, impatient for relief,
To ſooth their pains and mitigate their grief;
Nor can the tales of woe alone controul
Your kind attention and engroſs your ſoul;
For more extenſive purpoſes you live,
Than merely individual joys to give;
With private cares the public you unite
And with a ſubject's view a nation's right;
In various functions equally you wait,
Alike an ornament to church and ſtate.
Ah! ſay religion! much degraded maid,
Whom ſcepties more than redicule have made;
To thee what braver champion ſhall reſort,
Thy ſacred truths to publiſh and ſupport,
With ſoothing precepts virtue to inſtil,
And by example to retard from ill,
A friend to virtue in whatever guiſe,
An equal enemy to practis'd vice:
'Tis not the ſhew of ſanctity can move
His heart the baſe appearance to approve;
A baſh'd impoſture ſhrinks before his eyes,
Whilſt mock devotion in confuſion flies,
'Tis not on him pretenſion ſhall impoſe,
All fallacy his judgment overthrows,
Us'd to diſcriminate 'twixt falſe and true,
He ſees their real worth at ſingle view;
Nor can the pomp of pride, the glare of ſtate,
The pageants that on proud ambition wait,
From him a more than due eſteem command,
Who knows to value as to underſtand;

'Tis not the outward ornaments of ſhew,
On man a worth intrinſic can beſtow;
His value riſes from a different cauſe;
And merit's ſelf alone commands applauſe;
'Tis but to true deſert alone you give
The plaudit genius ever ſhould receive,
And great or baſe, impertinent or wiſe,
By juſtice ſway'd, encourage or deſpiſe,
Then ſay of theſe accompliſhments poſſeſt,
Why ſhouldſt thou, Muſe, recline thy fearful creſt!
Bear up thy head and with thoſe ſcruples ſcope,
That only ſtifle and extinguiſh hope;
That hand which deals munificence around,
That heart where all benevolence is found,
Which good diſpenſing yields to each degree,
Will from neceſſity remember thee;
Will not neglect the toiling poor who claim
The character of an unblemiſh'd name.
By him encourag'd ſoon the muſe ſhall rear
Her drooping head and quit each former fear,
With joyous exultation lift her voice,
To join the public and with them rejoice;
And, as the circling years revolve along,
Have annual cauſe to chaunt her grateful ſong;
And may thoſe years be numerous, and thoſe days,
The humble Poet moſt ſincerely prays.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A BALLAD.

ON Eden's banks, whoſe limpid ſtream
In ſmooth meanders glides along;
In grief and wretchedneſs extreme,
Fair Ella tun'd her love-lorn ſong;
To each ſucceſſive paſſing wave
A tear reſponſive left her eye;
To every ſhower, a ſhower ſhe gave,
To every breeze an anſwering ſigh.

Ah me! (ſhe cried) my Edwin's gone,
Ill-fated youth! ne'er to return;
Whilſt I in grief am left alone,
His loſs in ſolitude to mourn:
Torn by the ruthleſs hand of war,
From theſe ſoft manſions of repoſe;
Helpleſs in hoſtile climes afar,
To combat with a thouſand woes.

Ye tyrants! that uſurp mankind,
By foul ambition onward led,
In ſlaviſh bonds the world to bind,
And ſtrike the univerſe with dread;
Why could your arm deſpotic ſieze
My Edwin kind, my Edwin true?
To drag him from the ſhades of peace,
In hoſtile fields to bleed for you.

Was his the quarrel, his the crime
That firſt excited theſe alarms,
To drag from each remoteſt clime
Whole millions to expire in arms?
Tho' mad ambition fir'd your breaſt,
And hope of conqueſt urg'd the ſtrife,
What right could ſanction your beheſts?
What cauſe demand my Edwin's life.

Though Gallia's conqueſts and renown
Spread terror through each neighbouring ſtate;
Each deſpot fearful for his crown,
And trembling conſcious for his fate.
When hoſtile armaments combin'd,
Shook Albion's confines with diſmay;
Or when invaſive fleets deſign'd
Your valour, Britons, to eſſay;

Had he, my Edwin, urgent need
To quit for diſcord Ella's arms?
Was it eſſential he ſhould bleed,
To terminate thoſe dire alarms?
If he the ſacrifice alone,
Could theſe calamities compoſe;
Could for his country's crimes atone,
And put a period to her woes;

Then would I think that order juſt,
Which call'd my Edwin to the field;

In ſilence ſmother my diſguſt,
And to the fates reſentment yield;
But when with him the thouſands fall,
With him whole hoſts reſign their breath,
Devoid of reaſon ſeems the call
Of his unneceſſary death.

On yon far diſtant burning ſands,
On ſultry Egypt's arid coaſt;
Where far and wide barbaric bands
The farce of Gallic freedom boaſt;
Or on the ſtormy Euxine wave,
Where Nelſon's enſign glorious flies,
My lover meets a timeleſs grave;
Unnotic'd and unpiti'd dies!

Amidſt the ſad conflicting fight,
With direſt dangers compaſs'd round,
He ſinks beneath ſuperior might,
And ſtung with anguiſh, bites the ground;
Even now methinks I ſee him fall,
With wounds and carnage cover'd o'er;
Reach'd by the ſadly deſtin'd ball,
He dies on Delta's hoſtile ſhore!

No more ſhe ſaid, diſtracting grief
Suppreſs'd the melancholy theme,
Here, here, ſhe ſaid, I'll ſeek relief,
And plung'd into the ſurging ſtream;

Borne by the current of the flood,
A while ſhe ſhriek'd with fa'ltring breath,
But life not long the ſtrife withſtood,
Down, down ſhe ſinks in ſilent death!

Now through the ſolitary ſhade,
With aweful howl the whirlwind roars,
Whilſt down the ſteep the loud caſcade,
Impetuous laves its bounding ſhores;
Pale gleams the moon with feebleſt light,
Still ſilence reigns a dead profound,
Save where the penſive bird of night,
Screams forth with fear-inſpiring ſound:

Juſt at the ſad eventful hour,
From war and danger ſafe return'd
Young Edwin knock'd at Ella's door,
Whoſe boſom with impatience burn'd;
Awake my love, why thus delay,
My Ella fair, awake! ariſe!
Thy Edwin calls, O come away,
And cheer once more my anxious eyes;

Safe from the horrors of the war,
With joy I come, with joy to thee;
Then haſte and turn the envious bar,
And happineſs reſtore to me:
Keen blows the wind, dark is the night,
In thickning torrents pours the rain,
I faint, fatigue o'ercomes me quite,
I die in a ſuſpence of pain!

In vain he knocks, in vain he calls,
His voice no more his Ella hears;
In heavier guſts the tempeſt falls,
And night more horrible appears;
With rage inſpir'd and mix'd diſpair
He ſpurns the door, which yielding flies,
Then ſeeks the object of his care,
But ſoon each expectation dies.

In vain he ſpeaks, in vain he calls,
Swift o'er his heart deſpondence ſpread,
Supine on Ella's couch he falls,
To eaſe his ſad diſorder'd head;
There through the long lorn night he mourns,
Unconſcious of his lover's fate;
Each paſſion rends his heart by turns,
All fearful for his beauteous mate.

Soon as Aurora's fingers ſpread,
With dawning light, yon orient ſkies,
He quits the ſolitary ſhed,
And through the valley frantic flies
To find his love, his only care;
Each ſtranger aſks, of all inquires,
But ah! no ſtranger can declare
Where, when, and why his love retires!

Till chance directed near the brook,
Her floating corps he lifeleſs view'd,

He gaz'd but with a partial look,
Then like a ſtatue ſenſeleſs ſtood;
Her well known face too well he knew,
He had no cauſe to doubt 'twas ſhe,
He ſaw too well at ſingle view,
To doubt his certain miſery!

Ah! me (he cried) with burſting heart,
Is this the end of all my pain,
To 'ſcape death's ordinary dart
With one fervent to be ſlain?
Curſe on your heads, ye tyrants curſt!
Prime engines of all human ſtrife,
You made me miſerable firſt
And doubly now deſtroy my life:

By your deſpotic mandates led,
I left this once lov'd peaceful plain,
To join where crimeleſs millions bled,
Your wrongful quarrels to maintain;
Then ſay, for all my various woes,
For each fatigue and danger paſt,
When joys my labours ſhould compoſe,
This is my ſad reward at laſt:

Here on this fatal ſhore ſhe lies,
In form moſt fair, in heart moſt true;
On me her ſhade for vengeance cries,
She, tyrants! fell oppreſs'd by you.

Ah little think, ye ſons of pride!
  Whilſt thus you wanton life away,
What ſcenes of wretchedneſs betide
  The victims of your lawleſs ſway;

With but this poor pretence to raiſe
  Your honours on the page of fame,
With uſeleſs trophies to emblaze
  The annals of a villain's name:
But ceaſe, invective, ſince in vain
  My poor reſentment here would prove;
Some nobler part let me ſuſtain,
  That more ſhall vindicate my love!

Yes, beauteous conſtancy! (he cried)
  Thy ſad example calls on me;
It was for me that Ella died,
  I am a life in debt to thee!
He ceas'd, for grief his words ſuppreſs'd,
  Cold horror ſhook him as he ſtood;
I come, he cried, to thee and reſt,
  Then plung'd into the fatal flood!

A SONNET,
On the Death of a favourite LINNET.

ADIEU, ſweet warbler! whoſe harmonious ſtrain
Has often cheer'd the ſolitary hour,
When ſad reflections o'er the heart obtain,
Life to embitter and its joys to ſour;
Like me unconſcious of impending woe
Unfearful of the ills that life await,
Thy ſong of cheerfulneſs alone could ſhew
Thy happy ignorance of changeful fate,
That happy innocence which ſway thy heart,
Kept far aloof each motive of diſtreſs:
Untaught to fear fate's unevaſive dart,
Thy native joy no dangers could ſuppreſs.
Thus live the innocent, their hours thus paſt,
Through life ſtill gay and fearleſs to the laſt,

Another on SPRING.

HOW ſmiles creation o'er the flow'ry plain,
Whilſt Flora with her variegated train
Of vernal graces decorates the ſcene,
The blooming garden and the foreſt green.
Pleas'd with the change, the tenants of the grove
Attune their ſongs of gratitude and love,
The flatter'd peaſant o'er the proſpect ſmiles,
And future hope his recent care beguiles;

Warm expectation glows in every face,
And nature ſhines with univerſal grace:
But ſtay vain man too ſanguine in thy views,
Let not appearance thy hopes abuſe,
Enjoy thoſe pleaſures offer'd in the ſpring,
Nor wait for thoſe which ſummer ne'er may bring.

Another on WINTER.

NOW comes bleak Winter with his ruffian band;
Of big ſwollen tempeſts, billowing in his rear.
To ſpread wide deſolation o'er the land,
And ſpoil the beauties of the blooming year.
Swept o'er the plain the ſcatter'd foliage flies,
O'er oceans deep the mighty whirlwinds roar,
And waves on waves from the invaded ſkies,
Are tumbl'd headlong on the ſounding ſhore.
So when the wintry hand of age ſhall bind
Life's feeble channels and arreſt the heart,
When ſtorms of paſſion agitate the mind,
And chilling death invades each vital part;
What power to quell the tumult ſhall pretend
Till in eternal calms theſe conflicts end?

Another on SUMMER.

IN blooming beauties clad and ſmiles ſerene,
Fair ſummer comes to deck the rural ſcene;
Beneath her footſteps flowers ſpontaneous riſe,
And ſweeteſt odours ſcent the ambient ſkies;

In brigheſt verdure dreſt, the thickening ſhade
Now ſtands in ſylvan elegance diſplay'd;
Whilſt on each bough the ſweetly warbling throng
Attune to melody their joyous ſong.
Here Ceres with Pomona kindly bear
The golden treaſures of the promis'd-year;
Around obſerve thoſe univerſal joys
That fluſh each cheek that every heart employs;
One common cauſe inſpires the cheerful lay.
'Tis Heaven and thus our gratitude we pay.

Another on AUTUMN.

SEE where the ruddy nymph and eager ſwain,
Their toils beneath the mid-day ſun maintain,
Pleas'd with the proſpect of the ripening fields;
That thus a kind reward to labour yields.
How waves the golden harveſt with the breeze,
And cluſtring fruitage loads the bending trees.
In grown perfection ſee autumnia riſe,
And fill with joy the induſtrious peaſant's eyes;
Such are thy generous gifts all bounteous Heaven!
To helpleſs man ſuch kind aſſiſtance given.
Thus may the genial ſeeds of virtue ſown
In human hearts, when to perfection grown,
Produce that harveſt of eternal joy,
Which time nor accident ſhall ne'er deſtroy.

A PRAYER TO JEHOVAH.

O Thou to whom through natures spacious round
Are paid alike the praise and prayers of all;
Great universal parent of mankind,
Who with one common ear doſt hear the cry
Of Pagan, Chriſtian, Muſſelman, or Jew,
Hear my requeſt, nor let my ſuppliant voice
To thee, great power uprais'd be rais'd in vain;
Nor ſhall inordinate deſires compoſe
The ſupplications of my humble heart;
But in obedience to thy wiſe decrees,
Reſign'd to thy omniſcience, let me wait
Thy bounteous providence, which ſhall ſupply
What beſt is ſuited to my earthly lot;
In this, thy will, all gracious God, be done:
I pray not to invert thy fix'd reſolves,
But conſcious of my own contracted powers,
My imbecility and want of ſtrength
To act with perfect rectitude alone,
To thee I pray, divinity ſupreme!
O power of mercy! mercifully hear,
Give me thy wiſdom, guide me in thy ways,
Inſpire my heart with the enlivening light
Of truth celeſtial, and inform my ſoul,
Amidſt the doubts and ambigies that cloud
The futile reaſonings of more futile man,
When ſelf confounded, in our each reſearch,
Our each inquiry for uncertain truth,

Is plung'd in that inextricable maze,
From which no other hand, save hand divine,
Can rescue and restore the wilder'd soul;
Inform my heart in that embarass'd hour,
The way the most consistent with thy will;
Teach me humility, nor let my mind,
Elated with intoxicating draughts
Of earth-sprung vanity, one hour forget
Her sole dependance on thy powerful hand:
Let universal charity inspire
And warm my breast with love for all mankind,
Nor ever let condition, country, age,
Degrade in my opinion those they love;
Has with one common care thy equals made;
When the rude whirlwind of resentment tears
The agitated passions, or the rage
Of anger in wild ferment drives the soul;
Do thou with halcyon touch those jars compose,
And hush those conflicts into perfect peace;
Nor let base views of interest e'er misguide
My wayward heart from virtue's slippery path;
Still first in my remembrance be observ'd
To practice mercy, equity, and truth,
Nor when the mournful voice of pity calls
For my assistance and demands relief,
Let me not cruelly affliction spurn
And aggravate the sufferings of distress;
But far as my ability extends
To others give what mercy gives to me.
Thus, in conformity with thy commands,

Be done my every action, thought, and word;
Nor let an obstinate perverseness bind
My soul to error, which should live in thee.
What work mysterious by thy mighty hand
Has been perform'd, let me not with contempt
And vile impertinence presume to scan;
Since conscious of his littleness, shall man
Pretend to measure science infinite;
No, when I cannot trace the obvious cause
Of each effect; let me with humbler heart
Believe thy wisdom, and adore thy ways.
Whate'er my lot, whilst in this changeful world;
Or rais'd in affluence or depress'd in want,
Still let thy hand direct my wav'ring soul,
To follow virtue and recede from vice;
That when the devious course of life is o'er,
When all our cares, our passions, and desires
Shall be by death's all conquering hand expung'd,
My soaring spirit confident in thee
And in thy word, shall with assurance rise,
To tread in that eternal round of bliss,
Where happy cherubims for ever praise
Thy perfect blessedness, thy glorious name!

The STORY *of* NISUS *and* SCYLLA,

Translated from the 8th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

NOW rose the star of morn with fulgent light,
And wide dispels the shades of silent night;
South shifts the winds, along the azure way,
Thus vapours gather, and obscure the day;
With joy Cephalus sees the gale extend,
And his new friend their spreading canvas bend;
Swift flies the steady vessel o'er the main
And soon the wish'd-for harbour they attain.
Mean-while the Cretan king with his brave host
Spread devastation o'er the Attic coast;
Rang'd round Alcathio's walls, his army lay,
Where aged Nisus bears the sovereign sway.
One purple lock, his head (else hoary) grac'd,
In which the fortune of his realm was plac'd;
Full six whole months the land had stream'd with blood,
And undecided yet the combat stood;
Too long Victoria seem'd alike design'd
To favour both, to both alike inclin'd.
High on that wall, where once by Sols commands,
Soft music breaths, a lofty turret stands;
And where the God inclos'd his sounding lyre,
The stones yet still harmonious sounds respire:
Here oft the daughter of the king repairs
Well pleas'd to listen the celestial airs,

And from her hands the ſtones would caſt around
To ſtrike and to increaſe the inchanted ſound;
But now from hence her eyes behold the train
Of ſhining warriors, rang'd along the plain,
Taught by the lengthen'd ſiege and frequent view,
Each various chief by ſight and name ſhe knew,
Each could diſtinguiſh in the diſtant ſight,
Nor could the dreſs of arms impede her ſight,
With looks that more than modeſty expreſt,
The mighty Minos kens above the reſt;
The creſted helmet vainly hides his head,
With it ſhe ſees ſuperior beauties ſpread;
Nor can the ſpacious ſhield his form diſguiſe,
With it he ſeems more lovely in her eyes;
Or when his hands the pondrous jav'lin raiſe,
With frequent ſighs ſhe whiſpers forth his praiſe;
When he prepares to ſtring the miſſive dart,
And fair to view diſplays each manly part,
Let Scylla judge, and ſhe would partial ſay,
Europa's ſon excels the god of day:
But when unarm'd the helmet from his head,
And all his form to open ſight diſplay'd;
When through the ranks his lofty chariot roll'd,
His courſers harneſs'd in refulgent gold,
Himſelf in the ſuperbeſt raiment dreſs'd,
The ſtorm of paſſion rends her frantic breaſt;
Thrice happy ſword that his fair fingers touch,
And you, ye reins (ſhe cried) but bleſt to much;
Were it permiſſable that ſhe might go
To the cloſe camp of the embattled foe;

To throw herſelf unhurt upon the plain,
Amidſt the warriors of the Cretan train,
Nay ſhould their king require, the frantic dame
Would ſacrifice her country to her flame;
The gates unbar the city ſet on fire,
Nay ought th' enrag'd beſiegers ſhould deſire.
Thus whilſt with anxious eyes, the longing maid
The argent palace of the prince ſurvey'd;
Whether (ſhe cried) ſhould miſery or joy
For this my country's woes my thoughts employ;
I ſtand in doubt for tho' I underſtand,
I love the ſworn deſpoiler of our land;
Yet muſt I ſtill applaud, in reaſon's ſpite,
That war which brought my lover to my ſight;
Or if a hoſtage, they ſhould me demand,
Soon ſhould the rage of war deſert our land;
Well pleas'd to willing vaſſalage I'd bend,
To wear the chains the victor ſhould extend:
Faireſt of men (ſhe cry'd) were ſhe whoſe charms
But half ſo fair that claſp thee in her arms,
No wonder that her bloom the mighty Jove
Seduc'd from Juno and the realms above;
O that I were of fleeteſt wings poſſeſt,
To thee I'd fly, and in thy tent would reſt,
To him I'd nominate my rank and ſire,
And give what portion e'er he ſhould deſire;
All but my native land to him I'd give,
As pleas'd as he the bounty ſhould receive:

But rather diſappointed be my love,
Than I perfidious to my country prove;
Yet even conqueſt 'ſelf might prove a bliſs,
If conquer'd by a generous ſoul like his;
His baſely murder'd ſon provok'd his rage,
With juſtice, in this conteſt to engage;
The heavenly powers regard his ardent toils,
And will reward him with our country's ſpoils;
Alas! by fate's decree, this realm muſt fall,
And one captivity involve us all!
Where then's the need of love in this delay,
By war made certain on a future day;
With countleſs cares my boſom is oppreſt
Leſt ſome ill-fated dart ſhould reach my lover's breaſt:
Yet if they view'd, the baſeſt would not ſtand
Againſt his form to raiſe his ruffian hand.
But now I am reſolv'd, all yields to love,
My ſire's dominions ſhall my portion prove;
By this reſolve hoſtilities ſhall end,
And tho' my act ſeem baſe yet it to good ſhall tend:
Yet ah! theſe reſolutions ſeem in vain,
At every gate the centinels remain;
The keys are by my watchful ſire poſſeſt,
By him my every hope of joy's ſuppreſt:
O Heavens! that I had ne'er beheld the day,
Or known a peeviſh parent to obey;
But how can childiſh fears the brave appal
'Tis courage can make deities of all;
High fate from cowardice its aid withdraws,
Whilſt courage reaps both profit and applauſe.

Where is that maid, with ſuch a flame poſſeſt,
That would not drive theſe ſcruples from her breaſt?
Tho' certain ruin on her head ſhould fall,
Would not to gain her lover hazard all?
Shall other dames more bold th' example ſhew,
And is it waſting here in ſilent woe?
Forbid it Heaven! not ſire and ſword ſhall prove
A barrier equal to my ardent love:
But no ſuch enemies oppoſe their force,
My father's fatal lock but ſtops my courſe;
'Tis that alone my fanguine hope deſtroys;
And caſts a gloom o'er all my wiſh'd-for joys.
She ceas'd, while o'er the ſky deſcending night,
Spreads her dark curtains and expels the light;
And as the ſilent winds her gloomy way,
The virgin's fears by ſlow degrees decay,
And hopes ſucceſſive brighter hopes diſplay.
'Twas at the hour when all to reſt inclin'd,
When ſleep diſpels the troubles of the mind,
No ſound was heard, then Scylla took her way,
Soft to the chamber where her father lay,
There of the fatal lock, by miſchief ſped,
Unconſciously deprives her father's head;
Swift with the impious theft, conceal'd by night,
She through a ſecret gate directs her flight;
But love made bold, to love alone inclin'd,
The hoſtile camp with ſpeed ſhe ſeeks to find,
The royal tent ſhe finds, declares the fact,
While Minos views and ſhudders at the act:

Behold (ſhe cried) the conquering power of love,
I by my actions this aſſertion prove;
To thee a youthful and a beauteous maid,
The royal heir of Niſus, is betray'd;
To thee my country's gods and father's crown,
A tribute well deſerv'd I here lay down:
The recompence (for which to thee I bring
Theſe preſents) is thy ſelf, my lovely king!
From me great prince this purple lock receive,
Nor think the offering worthleſs which I give,
Since on the gift my father's fate depends,
To you his kingdom and his crown deſcends.
Shock'd at the crime, the monarch back recoils
Nor with the theft his righteous fingers ſoils,
Whilſt from his eyes ſtern indignation play'd,
He thus reproach'd the ſacreligious maid:
Deſtruction blaſt thee, ſcandal of thy kind:
May thou no place of reſt or pleaſure find:
On earth or air, but be thy carcaſe hurl'd,
An out-caſt nuiſance to the offended world!
Shall virtuous Minos with ſo foul a wretch,
A certain ruin on his country fetch,
On happy Crete where heavenly Jove was nurſt,
High Heaven forbid! away thou moſt accurſt!
And now the crown of Niſus and his lands
Are thus into the conquering Minos's hands,
Whilſt the brave Cretan prince employs his care,
To ſway the conquer'd, and new laws prepare;
The ſhips at his command their ſails expand,
Stand with the breeze, and leave the vanquiſh'd land;

Swiftly they run before the fav'ring wind,
And leave neglected Scylla far behind,
Far from her hated form he eager flies,
Deaf to her supplications and her cries.
Now mad'ning with despair, she furious grows,
And frantic from her head the tresses throws.
Ah! whither dost thou fly, false man, she said,
From her whose love has thus thy fortune made?
She has to thee, though now so soon despis'd,
Herself and sire and country sacrific'd:
Can not my passion, nor my presence move,
Thy heart obdurate, or engage thy love?
Canst thou not pity my unhappy fate,
Or think, base prince! upon my lost estate?
Canst thou desert a helpless wretch like me,
Whose only hope of refuge was on thee!
What place now hope, redress, or rest supplies,
My native land a waste of ruin lies;
Or tho' unransack'd should my country stand,
Vile treason drives me from the injur'd land;
Or to a more offended parent run,
Whom my perfidious baseness has undone.
A fugitive through the wide world I stray,
For one who scornful casts my love away:
Since then thou dost disdain my fond embrace,
Desist thy heav'n-drawn pedigree to trace;
Some ruffian tygress, not Europa, bore
Thee on bleak Syrtes' solitary shore;
Nor e'er did changeful Jove thy mother meet,
Beneath a bull's forg'd form, and bear to Crete;

The tale illuſtrious of thy birth's not true,
Some real bull thy luſtful mother knew.
O father! now thy daughter's death ſurvey
And country which my baſeneſs could betray;
My puniſhment from Minos I receive,
Tho' juſtice ſhould to you that vengeance give.
For why ſhould he a chaſtiſement extend,
To me who only did for him offend?
Baſe man! too juſtly thou to her art join'd,
Whoſe luſt exceeds the bounds of human kind;
She whom a wooden heifer did incaſe,
Whilſt ſhe unnatural bore a bull's embrace,
From whoſe polluted womb the earth receiv'd
That monſt'rous form for which it juſtly griev'd;
But what are my complaints? the partial gales
Leave them behind, and fill his flying ſails.
Right was thy wife Paſiphae, when ſhe
Preferr'd a bull, ungenerous man! to thee.
But ſwift the veſſel flies before the wind,
And leaves theſe ſhores and hapleſs me behind;
Believe, baſe Minos! Scylla knows no fear,
Nor waves nor winds ſhall long detain me here;
In ſpite I'll follow through the foaming tide,
Cling to the oars, or graſp the veſſel's ſide.
She ceas'd; but ſcarce the finiſh'd accent dies
Upon her lips, when forth ſhe eager flies
To tempt the main, while Cupid lends his aid,
And through the billows bears the frantic maid:
Soon ſhe o'ertakes the ſhip but ſpreading wide
Her arms to faſten on the veſſel's ſide,

Deſcending from above a hawk is ſeen
'Twas Niſus ſelf, who thus transform'd had been;
Her naked head he beats with ſharpeſt blows,
While ſhe through fear th' unſteady hold forgoes,
Nor far ſhe falls, but with renew'd ſurpriſe,
She finds herſelf ſupported in the ſkies;
Chang'd to a lark ſhe wings the airy ſtame.
And Ceris from the rock becomes her name.

CONTENT.

A SONNET.

SAY you that have ſtudied mankind,
Or life ſeeking ſcience, have ſpent,
In wandering e'er chanc'd you to find
The goddeſs ycleped Content.
For oft have I anxiouſly rov'd
Through the city, the plain, and the ſhade,
But all unſucceſsful have prov'd,
My every reſearch for the maid.
Some tell me in courts ſhe preſides,
Others ſay to the hermit ſhe's given;
A third with the ſwain ſhe reſides,
Whilſt ſome ſay ſhe an exile was driven:
But reaſon theſe notions derides,
And ſays ſhe exiſts but in Heaven.

THE SETTING SUN,

A SONNET.

ON yon unlifting mountain's brow,
Where faintly gleams the ſetting ray;
And darkneſs, thickening from below,
Proclaims the ſad retreat of day;
Now from his wearied team, the ſwain
Hies homeward o'er the upland lawn,

The warbling ſongſters ceaſe their ſtrain,
Till the return of morning's dawn,
Her empire ſilence wide extends,
The ſun is ceas'd, the dance is done;
Black night the changeful throne aſcends,
And all the joys of day are gone:
Thus life, tho' a more long eventful day,
A few more ſetting ſuns ſhall paſs away!

HOPE,

A SONNET.

HOPE! thou firm anchor of the ſoul,
Sweet antidote of every ſorrow;
That canſt to-day's diſtreſs controul,
Through expectations of to-morrow;
Thou that with kindly hand doſt bear,
The vaſſal's yoke, the captive's chain,
That canſt aſſuage our every care,
And mitigate each rankling pain,
Cheer with thy ſmile the drooping heart,
Shew future pleaſures fair to view,
That whilſt we feel the inſtant ſmart,
We may the diſtant bliſs purſue:
'Tis thine alone to ſoften every care,
Life to prolong and diſſipate deſpair.

FREDERICK AND ELIZA,

OR THE SHIPWRECK.

IN Albion's happy realm where ſcience ſmiles,
And commerce ſpreads her wide extended ſails
O'er every ſea to each remoteſt clime,
Where high diſplay'd fair freedom's enſign flies,
The gall and envy of ſurrounding ſtates:
In this thrice happy land Palemon liv'd,
On whoſe induſtrious plans had fortune ſmil'd,
With that encouragement which merit claims;
His wealth had with his inward worth increas'd,
Not one of all the vaſt commercial train
Would him have match'd in riches or renown;
But oft the adverſe winds, the treacherous deep
Had diſappointed his moſt ſanguine hopes,
And in their rage deſtroy'd his faireſt views.
A numerous progeny, whoſe infant wants
His ſcanty fortunes could but ill ſupply,
With added care lay heavy at his heart;
He ſaw with pain increas'd their opening years,
Beheld with ſorrow each improving grace,
In their fair forms, for which his ſcanty ſtock
But ill reſponded to their future claims.
His wife, the partner of his every care,
With kind ſolicitude would often ſtrive
To ſoothe the painful throbbings of his breaſt;
And ſay when ſtern misfortune heaves the rod,

And haggard indigence beſeſts our doors,
What arguments ſo powerful can aſſuage
The complicated ſorrows of the ſoul,
The parent ſaw, unable to avert
The impending miſery, that, threatning, lower'd,
And ſeem'd, as tho' it aim'd ere long to make
The meaſure of his wretchedneſs complete.
Each art he tries, each art ſucceſſleſs proves,
Each friend ſolicits, but alas! too true
The proverb's verify'd, that in diſtreſs
Our friends, tho' numerous in our happier days,
Are baſely dwindled to a hapleſs few!
Thus all in vain his every effort proves,
A ſtronger paſſion than perſuaſion's voice
Reſolves the fire on ſome more happy coaſt,
To ſeek that fortune here purſu'd in vain:
With this deſign he, with his little train,
Abandon'd with regret their native ſhore,
And at the Downs embark'd with anxious hearts,
To tempt the dangers of an unknown ſea,
And unknown lands, to them at leaſt unknown.
Amongſt this fair expatriated land,
By ſad neceſſity to exile driven,
Eliza firſt and laſt engroſs'd the care
Of her ſad mother, and her ſorrowing ſire;
She, the firſt fruits of their connubial love,
By nature form'd the faireſt of the fair:
On her fair cheek the bloom of youthful health,
With virtue blended, and each luring charm
That can command attention, and inſpire

Love's ſoothing tranſports amply were deſcrib'd,
In happier days, before misfortune preſs'd
Around their guiltleſs heads a numerous train
Of fond admirers, each by love impell'd,
On motives various, tho' as powerful urg'd
With ſighs and vows, had crowded round the ſhrine
Of blooming beauty, each with jealous care
And anxious rivalry to win the ſmile,
The ſmile of approbation that ſhould ſpeak
The unmaſk'd propenſions of Eliza's heart.
Midſt theſe competitors for beauty's prize
Young Frederick ſigh'd, but ſtill his fearful heart
Forbade his baſhful tongue to tell the tale
His paſſion prompted: him Eliza view'd
With partial fondneſs, whilſt the flatt'ring hoſt
Of her admirers ſhar'd her cold neglect.
To Frederick's looks alone her ſmiles were rais'd,
His name alone was grateful to her ear;
She ſaw nor heſitated, till ſhe lov'd;
And ſoon to him confeſs'd the mutual flame;
But when her fire's embarraſs'd ſtate ſhe knew,
Her love, her virtue all at once conſpir'd
To check her growing paſſion, and ſuppreſs
By every argument her lover's hopes;
She knew the diſproportion in their rank,
Her indigence, his opulence; nay, more,
She knew his father, ſordid in extreme,
Would ne'er conſent to the unequal match.
At length the eve of that ſad fatal day,

Appointed for their embarkation came;
The lovers met, but grief a while ſuppreſs'd
The faculty of words, whilſt tears alone
Beſpoke the painful feelings of their hearts:
He kiſs'd, he preſs'd her to his throbbing breaſt,
Told her the tales of love in happier times,
And all the ſoft endearments of their lives,
Till quite o'erwhelm'd by their abundant grief,
They wept aloud, then kiſs'd and bade adieu.
Meanwhile the youth determin'd not to part
With all he lov'd, with all his heart held dear,
In ſecret meditates, nor doubtful long
What courſe to chooſe, precipitate reſolves
Diſguis'd t' attend her through the dangerous voyage,
Nor even inform herſelf of his deſign,
Till her neceſſities ſhould claim his aid.
Dreſs'd like a hardy mariner, he hies
With eager ſteps to where the veſſel lay,
Beſpeaks the maſter and a birth obtains;
Then with agility impatient ſprings
Into the bark where all his treaſure's ſtor'd.
Fair blows the wind, with ſpeed the anchor's weigh'd,
Up fly the ſails, whilſt, down the channel driven
By ſwelling gales, they ſweep their rapid courſe,
And ſoon far diſtant leave their native ſhore.
Palemon wept, as from his gliſtening eye
His country vaniſh'd, and with faultering tongue
He thus bewail'd his ſad reverſe of fate:
Adieu, fair iſle! upon whoſe happy coaſts
Bleſt liberty hath rear'd her ample throne,

Where arts have flouriſh'd and where ſcience ſmiles
On her fair offspring with a parent's love;
Adieu! thrice happy ſcenes of youthful joy,
Where ſmil'd ſweet pleaſure on my infant hours,
When each revolving year, each riſing morn
Engag'd my heart with undiſturb'd delight,
Through all the various courſe of youthful bliſs,
From youth-hood onward to matur'd eſtate;
Nor once the lighteſt care had touch'd my heart
Until thoſe eyes beheld Amelia's charms;
Nor then 'twas pain, 'twas extacy of bliſs,
A pleaſure that perfected former joys;
For on her charms what eye could ſenſeleſs gaze?
What heart unmov'd behold her matchleſs form?
Abſtract of all deſirable below,
With every virtue, with each grace adorn'd,
She ſeem'd poſſeſs'd of all that Heaven could give,
To make her ſex deſirable to man:
I ſaw, I ſigh'd, I fought, and won the fair;
Crown'd with her love, myſelf I now eſteem'd
By far the happieſt of the happy few,
Save that the cares of fondneſs would by turns
Suſpend and damp the extacy of love:
Yes, 'twas for thee, if e'er an anxious thought
Diſturb'd the requium of my tranquil ſoul,
Which elſe was perfect univerſal balm,
In thee alone was center'd every wiſh;
For thee each project of my future life
Was plann'd whilſt love ſuggeſted all my ſchemes;
But ſoon, ah! ſoon the fond deluſion fled,

And, like a dream evaneſcent, my hopes
And fortune ſhrunk together from my view,
Whilſt the blind goddeſs left but in my power
To curſe her fickle treatment, and revile
Her former blandiſhments which now but ſerv'd
To render me more ſenſible of woe.
Now to the vaſt Atlantic onward borne,
By happieſt gale impell'd, the veſſel drives;
But not auſpicious long the winds remain,
Their courſe they change, aſſume the whirlwind roar,
And hollow murmurings from the depth below
Do plainly indicate th' approaching ſtorm;
The matter tries each effort to ſuppreſs
Contagious fears, and vigour to inſpire
In his ſtill ready crew, whoſe dextrous hands,
Uniting ſtrength with ſkill, ſtrain ev'ry nerve,
T' oppoſe the tempeſt and the ſhip to ſteer.
Down ſweep the ratt'ling ſails and low'ring yard,
And all prepare againſt the threat'ning danger;
But ſtill the ſtorm increaſes, and the winds
Bellow more horrible, whilſt from below
Th' upliſted waves in liquid mountains riſe,
And ſeem to combat with contending Heaven.
A thick'ning gloom the face of day o'erſpread,
Whilſt from the opening clouds, the lightnings flaſh,
Whoſe livid glare contribute but to ſhew
In view more terrible the frightful ſcene;
Frequent and loud the dreadful thunders roar,
Whilſt the impetuous winds and foaming deep
Appear to emulate in point of rage.

Meanwhile the veſſel, ſtruggling with the ſtorm,
Strain'd with the conflict of the winds and waves,
Unmanag'd, and unguided, drives along;
Now on the mounted ſurge exalted borne,
They ſeem to ſail through the ætherial waſte,
And view from high the dreadful gulph below:
Then down the wat'ry precipice they plunge
Precipitate into the yawning deep,
Whoſe opening furrows threaten inſtant death.
Deſpair now ſits imprinted on each face,
Deſpondency the vig'rous hand arreſts
Of every mariner, whilſt all aghaſt
The helpleſs paſſengers, unus'd to view
Scenes ſo terrific, in each guſt expect
To meet at once the bottom and their death;
Down fall the ſplinter'd maſts with hideous crash;
Whilſt like a log upon the tumbling ſea,
The veſſel ſeems a wreck, the pumps in vain
Diſcharge th' ingorging waters from below;
That gaining as diſcharg'd, the leaks extend.
Amidſt theſe horrid ſcenes of circling woe
Palemon with his hapleſs offspring ſat,
Abſorb'd in all the anguiſh of deſpair;
By turns his eyes in tenderneſs he fix'd,
Upon his children; then uprear'd, to Heav'n
He pray'd with all the fervour of his heart.
Cloſe round the neck of her afflicted ſire
In wild diſtraction fair Eliza clung,
And ſhriek'd, and wept, in phrenzy of diſtreſs;
Ah me! (ſhe cry'd,) my Frederick little knows,

The direful fate that his Eliza waits.
Meanwhile a ſurge, more furious than the reſt,
With mountain-ſwell the tottering bark upbore,
Then headlong plunging, with tremendous ſhock,
Full on the pointed rocks the veſſel drives;
Loud ſhriek the crew tumultuous; whilſt all
Diſtraction ſeizes; down the boats are lower'd,
In wild confuſion; throngly preſſing in,
Each only anxious for his own eſcape,
Waits not, to lend aſſiſtance to his friend:
In death and dangers thus diſtinctions ceaſe,
And all attempt, deliverance for themſelves,
Save faithful Frederick; he amidſt the ſtorm
With agonizing heart and labouring hands,
Perform'd a lover's and a ſailor's part,
But ne'er adventur'd once through all the voyage
To undiſguiſe himſelf to her he lov'd,
Till now when leaſt expected needed moſt;
When thronging to their boats the hapleſs crew,
Unable to aſſiſt their deareſt friends,
Left her weak trembling on the veſſel ſide;
Juſt as a wave had ſwept her from the deck,
Young Frederick leap'd into the foaming flood,
And ſnatch'd her from the opening jaws of death;
Long in his arms he bore the drooping fair,
Amidſt the toſſing waves and midnight gloom,
When almoſt faint and breathleſs with fatigue,
His ſide he ſtruck againſt the floating maſt;
This with one hand he ſeiz'd, then o'er the wreck
His ſenſeleſs love he with the other plac'd:

Thus circumſtanc'd he gives to fate the charge
Of their direction, anxious for the life
Of his Eliza more than for his own.
At length recovering life, ſhe faintly ſhriek'd:
Save me, my father! mercy, gracious Heaven!
Be comforted, my fair! (the lover cried)
Heav'n will deliver us from our diſtreſs.
Soon as her faithful Frederick's well known voice
Sounds in her ears, and her half opening eyes
Beheld their horrible and dang'rous ſtate,
Again ſhe ſwoons, and in the billowing deep
Had plung'd, had not his vig'rous arm upborne,
And ſav'd her from the death that yawn'd below.
Thus on thy roll, from wave to wave impell'd,
Driven by the tempeſt's unremitting rage,
Till morning, ſtreaking o'er the face of Heav'n
With gradual light, ſhews to their anxious eyes
Land not far diſtant, where the tumbling ſurge
Soon caſt them ſpent and breathleſs on the beach.
Now with returning day ſubſides the ſtorm;
Huſh'd are the winds, and ocean's furrow'd face
Wears, like ſuperior Heav'n, a mild ſerene;
When Frederick, firſt recovering ſtrength and life,
Rais'd in his arms the pale and breathleſs maid;
Then feebly bears her to a verdant bank,
Where ſeated he aſſiduouſly employs
Each art his circumſtances would allow,
Or reaſon furniſh to revive the fair.
She breathes, he hopes; with eyes extended wide
She wondering ſtares on every object round:

Where am I? ah! my Frederick! ſay what chance,
Or hand divine hath ſnatch'd us from the grave,
Where but a moment paſt we ſunk together;
Have we then paſt the gates of ſilent death,
And ſafely landed on the ſhore of bliſs?
Oh! be compos'd, my love, young Frederick cried,
All gracious Heav'n has deign'd to hear our pray'rs,
And reſcu'd us from danger and from death.
But ſay, my Frederick (cried the unſettled maid)
Say, what ſtrange circumſtance has brought you here,
You whom I thought in England left behind,
You whom I ſadly thought theſe anxious eyes
Should ne'er have been permitted more to view.
Be thou collected (then exclaim'd the youth)
Whilſt I relate the various arts employ'd,
The ſhifts and numerous ſtratagems I us'd
T' elude a parent's vigilance, and gain
The means your devious fortunes to attend.
With brevity the adventurer then details
His narrative, whilſt ſhe aſtoniſh'd hears:
The bluſh of gratitude and chaſteſt love
Roſe in her cheek; his eyes with rapture view'd
The fair ſuffuſion that o'erſpread her face,
Whilſt to his breaſt he claſp'd the feeble fair.
Oh! Frederick, I am faint (ſhe cried) I thirſt—
I thirſt—get me ſome water, or I die.
Up ſprang the youth, alert to her command,
And wander'd o'er the plain, nor wander'd far,
Till a refreſhing rivulet he found;
Back with the cheerful tidings, ſwift he hies,

And from the humble graſſy couch uplifts
The feeble maid, and leads her to the brook;
Here ſeated ſoon, the woods he next explores
In ſearch of fruits, ſucceſs endeavour crowns;
Scarce had he reach'd the cloſe embowering grove,
When gratefully ſaluting to his eyes
In moſt exuberant profuſion round,
He views the luſcious fruitage far and wide;
Fraught with the ſpoils of many a goodly bough,
He back returns with her to ſhare his ſtore,
Which ſhe with bluſhing courteſy receives.
But now the ſun in his meridian height
Shot o'er the ample plains his ſcorchings rays,
That render'd unſupportable the place
Where then they ſat: come then my love (exclaim'd
The youthful Frederick) from this noontide heat,
Let us retire, and in yon verdant ſhade
Sit and contemplate on our future fate;
Supported by my arm you'll reach the place:
So ſaying, onward to the fragrant grove,
They feebly walk'd; at length the thicket gain'd,
They ſeek the moſt commodious cool retreat;
There underneath the cloſe o'erſhadowing boughs,
He gently plac'd her down; fatigue and grief
O'ercame her ſpirits, and ſhe ſunk in ſleep.
Meanwhile he watch'd her with a lover's care,
And as ſhe lay, ſurvey'd with new delight
Thoſe charms that had transfix'd his youthful heart
But yet ſo pure and delicate his flame,

Tho' with th' advantages of time and place,
So honeſt was his ſoul he never dream't
Of uſing to diſgraceful ends thoſe means,
Or of abuſing thoſe advantages,
Of which by fortune then he ſtood poſſeſs'd.
But now nights peaceful ſable curtain fell,
And wrapt the world in ſilence and in ſhade,
When Frederick quite o'ercome with recent toil,
And recent grief ſunk down in ſoft repoſe;
Cloſe in the arms of ſleep on the cold earth
(With Heav'n their canopy, till roſy morn
Had ting'd the eaſtern hills) the lovers lay:
But now by the ſoft warblers of the grove,
Whoſe matin ſong of harmony aloud
Re-echo'd through the foreſt, they awoke:
Ariſe, my fair! my lov'd Eliza, riſe!
Young Frederick call'd, ſee where yon eaſtern ſun
Now gilds the ſummits of yon lofty hills;
I've ſlept too long, too careleſs I have been
Of that fair charge, to me by fate conſign'd;
Pardon this weakneſs, lovlieſt of thy ſex,
Nor charge to my ſupineneſs diſreſpect;
No, by yon ſpacious heavens! whoſe ample arch
Encompaſes this ſolitude unknown,
I never will nor can renounce my love;
There was a time, when thus together ſet
Beneath the covert of th' umbrageous ſhade,
I could have dwelt with rapture and delight
For hours, for years, nay ages on the theme;
But in our preſent helpleſs, hapleſs ſtate,

T'would be moſt vile impertinence to urge
The ill tim'd ſubject; for our caſe requires,
That for our mutual preſervation here
We each exertion uſe that may conduce
To extricate us from this wild forlorn:
But ere on this excurſion we proceed,
Let's pluck from yonder trees the impending fruit,
That may ſupply ſubſiſtance on the way.
When thus Eliza to the youth return'd,
Moſt generous, my deliverer, and my love,
What e'er I am or may hereafter be,
Whether remaining ſorrow be my lot,
Or that returning happineſs await
My future fortunes, ſtill I will be thine;
But Oh! my Father! yes, this aching heart
Will bleed, will break alas! to think on thee,
And you dear partners of a parent's love,
Ye lovely ſharers of a Mother's ſmiles,
You too with him have periſh'd in the deep,
One watry ſepulchre entombs you all!
Inexorable fate! how couldſt thou doom
A deſtiny ſo dire to one ſo pure,
So virtuous that his every action ſeem'd
To correſpond with the divine behefts.
Thus wept Eliza, thus the youth replied;
Forbear, my love, to torture thus your mind
With ills imaginary; Heav'n perchance
Who all beneficient, does all for good;
Who wanton ſports not with a ſinner's death,

Nor ſees unmark'd a ſingle ſparrow fall;
He with an arm all gracious may have ſav'd
Your deareſt kindred from the ſwallowing flood.
But come, my fair! ſuppreſs this bootleſs grief,
Let us proceed, there's dangers in delay,
I'll be your father, lover, guardian all,
That my poor circumſtances can ſupply,
That diligence or friendſhip can beſtow.
So ſaid, he took the fair one by the arm,
And ſadly penſive ſlowly on they walk'd,
Unconſcious, unreſolv'd what courſe to take,
Through unfrequented wilds and foreſts wide
Th' unmeaſureable onward journey lay:
Now lofty mountains and impending rocks
Impede their courſe, and now the wand'ring ſtreams
Of unknown rivers intercept their way;
Now this way and now that forlorn they range
The mountains rugged height, ſtill night arreſts
Their further progreſs; here again reclin'd,
Amidſt the clifted rocks with anxious hearts
And watchful eyes, impatiently they wait
Returning morn, to guide their wilder'd ſteps,
At length aurora gilds the eaſtern ſky,
When forward down the mountain's ſloping ſide
Their ſteps they bend, till where a riſing ſmoke
Proclaim'd inhabitants, an Indian hut;
Th' auſpicious beacon ſoon our trav'llers gain;
Arriv'd, they enter eagerly, enquire
The neareſt paſſage to the neareſt town,
The country's name, then beg the kindly hoſt,

To grant them ſome ſmall pittance of relief,
As tir'd with wandering and with famine ſpent,
Their wearied limbs no further could proceed
In their bewilder courſe, unleſs refreſh'd
With timely nouriſhment; they briefly tell
Their late misfortunes and the hapleſs cauſe
That led them to his hoſpitable door.
Pleas'd with an oportunity that give
Occaſion to relieve a fellow's wants,
The courteous Indian led them to his hut,
And with milk and rice, (luxurious treat!)
Regal'd their famiſh'd appetites, whilſt they,
All grateful for their entertainer's cheer,
Detail their narratives of former times;
And as the tears of ſorrow damp'd the cheek
Of fair Eliza, oft the kindly hoſt
Strove, by amuſing conf'rence, to beguile
Their ſorrows, and with an officious care
Propos'd to guide them through the dreary way,
Till they ſhould reach the capital o'th' Iſle
Of fair Jamaica; at whoſe gladdening name
The female bluſh'd, as though a ray of hope
Shot at that inſtant o'er her penſive ſoul.
Thus reſted and refreſh'd, they now reſolve,
Attended by their hoſpitable guide,
To walk to Kingſton, ere the ſetting ſun.
They ſafe arrive, but ah! what tongue ſhall ſpeak
Their glad ſurprize, when entering firſt the town,
Of all mankind the leaſt expected here,

(At leaſt by fair Eliza's boding heart,)
The firſt they meet all penſive in his walk
Was old Palemon, her loſt father dear!
Swift as an arrow from the hunters bow,
Ruſh'd the fair damſel to her parent's arms:
Confounded, for abſorb'd in ſtupid grief
His eyes now wander'd on the paſſing crow'd,
Nor caught the lovers as they nearer drew:
Good Heaven's (he cried) does then my daughter live?
Or is it but deluſion of the mind,
That my ſad gloomy fancy would ſuggeſt,
To ſooth a while my melancholy ſoul?
Yes, yes, 'tis ſhe, ſhe lives and I revive!
But ſay, my child! whence this deliverence comes?
And why thy once lov'd Frederick meets us here?
With delug'd eyes and faultering tongue, the fair
Thus anſwer'd: 'tis to that brave youth you owe,
Far, far beyond what you can ever pay,
Your daughter's life, to reſcue which from death,
He nearly paid my ranſom with his own.
Heav'n bleſs you both (replied the good old man)
I've long perceiv'd, young pair, the growing love,
The fond attachment that combin'd your hearts;
But till this moment ne'er before approv'd
The generous ardour that inſpir'd your breaſts;
But know, my children, now 'tis in my power,
Not only to conſent to, but confirm
That union which ſhall conſumate your love.
'Tis now about ſome twenty years ago
My father's brother to this iſland came, (R)

In circumſtances far from indigent,
But as his ſoul was of that ſordid kind
Which, tho' poſſeſs'd of much, deſires ſtill more:
He purchas'd here plantations, and in time
Accumulated here ſuch heaps of wealth,
As might content e'en avarice itſelf;
But as in youth he left his native land,
In peeviſh dudgeon ſo he here remain'd,
Uncorreſponding and unknown to all
His former friends; till near twelve months ago,
When drawing near to that tremendous end,
Which levels all, he left to me by will
The whole of his eſtates, as firſt of kin;
This ſince his death has too old England been
Tranſmitted, but in our migration thence
By varying chance we always miſs'd of theſe receipts,
But ſtill a copy of my uncle's will
Reſts with the governor, and as I have
Identified myſelf, he makes no doubt
Of granting me what is by law my right;
Thus Heav'n you ſee has to our ſhaded eyes
It ſeem'd averſe to all our faireſt hopes,
Yet in the end has bleſt us far beyond
What our moſt ſanguine wiſhes could have fought.
And now young man, as proof of my eſteem,
For all theſe marks of love and favours paſt,
Firſt to my child and laſtly to myſelf,
Here take, receive her from her father's hand;
To thee ſhe owes as much as to myſelf.
Oh! may you both be happy in your love!

And ſo you ſhall, if competence, combin'd
With a fond parent's wiſh, can make you ſo.
Thus in profuſion ſpoke th' enraptur'd ſire,
Nor other queſtion made, nor anſwer gave,
But that which firſt and moſt his mind poſſeſt,
Till ended, when his daughter thus replied;
Lives then my father, and in future life
More happineſs to find than earlier youth
On him conferr'd: but ſay, fond parent ſpeak,
Lives yet my other friends? or did the ſtorm,
With rage vindictive, ſwallow them in death.
Yes, yes, my child! they happily eſcap'd,
All pitying Heav'n has from the tempeſt's rage
Preſerv'd us all, but more of this hereafter:
Let us adjourn to ſome adjacent inn,
'Tis paſt a doubt, fatigues like yours muſt need
Refreſhment and repoſe: that done, ſo ſoon
As opportunity permits, we ſhall
Concert how beſt to ſettle our affairs,
And then prepare for our departure hence!
Nor long in fair Jamaica's iſle they ſtaid,
Their buſineſs terminated with ſucceſs;
The winds auſpicious and a ſhip procur'd,
They all embark, and bleſt with favouring gales
Soon reach once more Britannias glad'ning coaſt:
Young Frederick's father overjoy'd to ſee
His ſon return, whom long his aching heart
Had mourn'd as dead, now cheerfully conſents
To grace the nuptials of the faithful pair.

A PASTORAL.

WHEN fair Pomona decks the plain,
In ſummer's ſmiles array'd,
Whilſt all the graces in her train
Are far around diſplay'd;
The feather'd warblers with their ſtrian,
Sweet harmonize the ſhade;
Whilſt joy inſpires each raptur'd ſwain,
And love each rural maid;
Then from the ſcorching noontide heat,
I gently lead my love,
To ſome ſequeſter'd cool retreat,
Midſt yon embowering grove;
Whilſt round the warbling choir ſo ſweet
From ſpray to ſpray ſhall rove,
I'll banquet in the woodbine ſeat,
In luxury of love;
Or to the hermits moſs grown cell
I'll lead my charming fair;
To her my ardent paſſion tell,
To her my love declare;
With tranſport on the theme I'll dwell,
Nor feel one anxious care,
To melancholy bid farewell
And baniſh ſoul deſpair.

What are the dignities that wait
On grandeur and renown,
Nay all the pageants of the great,
Or e'en the monarch's crown,
To him who bleſt in humble ſtate,
Makes other's joy his own;
Who ſeeks no happier change in fate,
Nor ſhrinks at fortunes frown.
Content and happy in my lot,
With Delia in my arms,
More than a throne I'd bleſs my cot,
More than a crown her charms.
Titles and wealth I envy not,
Nor ſtart at war's alarms;
The heart that bears no guilty ſpot,
Fears no ſurrounding harms.
Peace in my manſion and my board
Still crown'd with plenteous cheer;
Whate'er to-morrow may afford
I neither know nor fear.
Each day with riſing pleaſures ſtor'd,
Shall fill the circling year,
Till happineſs profuſely pour'd,
Complete my portion here:
Thus ſhould my life unclouded prove,
One ſeries of delight,
From joy to joy ſucceſſive rove,
As fancy wing'd my flight:

Or on the plain or in the grove,
As paſſion ſhould incite,
I'd gaily wanton with my love,
From morning until night.
At eve when o'er yon hills the ſun
Shall gleam with quiv'ring ray,
Then we'll theſe cool retirements ſhun,
And homeward bend our way;
From this to that amuſement run,
In boundleſs pleaſures ſtray,
And end the day which love begun
In feſtive roundelay.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

ARGUMENT.

It will be recollected, that in order to counterbalance their diſgraces by ſea, their fleets, and thoſe of their allies, being blocked up in their harbours, the French raiſed a numerous army in the northern coaſts of France, and the Netherlands, beſtowing upon it the pompous epithet of the Army of England. Yet they by the defeats and capture of the ſmall ſquadrons which they ſent to Ireland, and ſeeing little or no diſpoſition in the bulk of the inhabitants to join their ſtandard, ſeemed to turn their attention to another quarter of the world: and after the treaty of Campo Formio, the army became a burthen which they found difficult to ſupport, and which it might be dangerous to their authority to maintain. The invaſion of England was found to be totally impracticable. The fleet which ſhould convey the troops would, in all probability, experience nothing but defeat, from the acknowledged ſuperiority of the Britiſh navy; and probably were apprehenſive of the re-action ſuch a calamity might create.

To avoid theſe difficulties; and it was ſuppoſed to find occupation for the enterpriſing ſpirit of Buonaparte, an expedition was planned to diſpatch him to a diſtant ſhore; where, as the politicians of thoſe times

conjectured, ſucceſs or misfortune could little intereſt the nation, and where his defeat would excite no re-action or murmurs, which might endanger the Directory, his employers.

The object propoſed by this expedition was, firſt, to ſail with a well-appointed army, conveyed in a powerful fleet to the ſhores of Egypt, and from thence to penetrate either by the iſthmus of Suez, or by the Red Sea, to the Indian Ocean, to embark his troops, and by a co-operation with Tippo Sultan, to endeavour the overthrow of the Britiſh empire in the Eaſt.

This daring and bold project was entruſted to Buonaparte, one of the deepeſt politicians and accompliſhed ſoldiers that the world ever knew.

The ſcheme was obſcurely hinted to the Council of Five Hundred, by Eſſchaſſereaux, in a ſpeech of report which he made on the ſubject of coloniza-tion. From that report the ſole object was held out to be the eſtabliſhing a colony in Egypt, and to regenerate, (in the new language of the French) a country which was the firſt theatre of civilization in the univerſe. While preparations were ſecretly making for this expedition, the public were amuſed with ſtrange and monſterous ſtories of rafts, to be conſtructed for the invaſion of England; and troops were collected on the northern coaſt of France, while the navy of the republic were ſecretly repairing to Toulon.

The Battle of the Nile.

FROM low and grovling themes, on fancy's wings
Upborn, ſublime the muſe attempts to ſing
The feats of Briton's heroes, and emblaze
The deed of valour with immortal praiſe;
When Albion's ſons terrific vengeance bore
'Gainſt Gallia rage to Egypt's diſtant ſhore,
Or where brave Nelſon, by auſpicious chance
Won fame to England, and diſgrace to France:
Sing ſoaring muſe and on the page of fame,
To lateſt times their due applauſe proclaim.
Long Gallia's councils in their ſchemes perplex'd
With dire defeats and foul diſgraces vex'd,
Had various plans and expeditions mov'd,
Which all fantaſtic or abortive prov'd;
No thought of Erin's conqueſt now remain'd,
Where but diſhonour and defeat were gain'd;
Still more ſucceſſleſs was the project deem'd
Which for invading England had been ſchem'd;
Here naval thunders which had terror hurl'd
To the remoteſt regions of the world,
Our tar's ſuperior ſkill ſo oft conſeſt,
With ſuch diſmay their wav'ring minds impreſt,
That all theſe former boaſts were thrown to ground,
Where nought but certain ruin could be found;
Yet ſtill the council weak, the army ſtrong,
On what to fix the ſtate debated long:
On various projects gravely they revolve,
Yet doubtful ſtill on which they may reſolve:

The reſtleſs mind of Buonaparte they view,
His quencheleſs thirſt of honours well they knew.
Conſcious that common bounds could ne'er controul
The ambitious aims of his aſpiring ſoul;
Thus with a uſeleſs army in the land
Too numerous to ſupport or to command,
The weak Directory ſeek the ſureſt way
Their fears to leſſen and maintain their ſway.
To turn to action this unruly hoſt
And ſeek new conqueſts on a diſtant coaſt.
Which happily might redound with more ſucceſs,
If not advantage, yet the danger leſs.
With ſpeed they now collect the hoſtile band
And give to Buonaparte the ſole command:
A well appointed navy they prepare
To waft their legions to the diſtant war;
In climes remote their enſigns to expand,
And ſpread confuſion o'er a peaceful land,
Where the meandring Nile refreſhing laves
Fair Egypt with its fertilizing waves;
Now from the various provinces of France
In thickning ſwarms the Gallic troops advance;
Swift to the fleet they mark their onward way
To brave the dangers of an unknown ſea;
Keen ardour ſhewn in every heroes eyes,
Each eagerly expects a golden prize;
Mad with ambitious hopes each ſoldier ſeems
To graſp the produce of his fancy'd dreams:

Meanwhile the world in mute ſuſpence behold
This expedition, wonderful as bold:
Each politician racks his plodding brain,
Its certain deſtination to explain;
On wild conjectures wing is fancy toſt
Whilſt all in one uncertainty are loſt;
At length the fleet unfurl their ſpreading ſails,
Urg'd to the voyage by moſt auſpicious gales
Swift o'er the toſſing deep the veſſels drive
And off the iſle of Malta ſoon arrive;
Here for a while their canvas they unbend
And to the governor for ſuccours ſend;
Struck with alarm to ſee this mighty heſt
In hoſtile equipage upon his coaſt,
And fearful with the ſummons to comply
The knights their entrance manfully deny,
Deeming unſafe their weak defenceleſs land
Shou'd they admit this formidable band;
With indignation's tongue and mix'd diſgrace
The faithleſs French prepare to ſtorm the place,
Their navy ſpread along the rocky ſhores
And from each veſſel loud deſtruction roars;
Rous'd by th' injuſtice of theſe dire alarms
The weak inhabitants repair to arms,
Ruſh to their coaſts and every danger brave,
Their liberties, if poſſible, to ſave;
But how unlike their anceſtors of old,
In numerous wars invincible and bold,
Whoſe deeds in arms, in fames bright annals ſhewn,
Whoſe valour to remoteſt lands was known;

Their feeble offspring weak reſiſtance make,
And ſoon o'erpower'd, the unequal charge forſake.
By force ſuperior urg'd, the poor Maltese,
But from ſubmiſſion hope for terms of peace.
Now Malta won, once more the adventrous crew,
Prepare their onward voyage for to renew;
Four thouſand choſen troops are left behind,
To whom the charge of Malta is conſign'd;
Swift from the conquer'd iſle their courſe they fleer,
And ſoon on Egypt's arid coaſts appear.
Now with ſurpriſe the court of Britain view'd
The power of France, which conqueſt thus purſu'd.
Behold vaſt empires yielding to their arms,
And diſtant nations ſhake with dire alarms;
To check the ſpreading ill with cautious care,
A well appointed ſquadron they prepare;
From Briton's boldeſt ſons the choice is made,
Who oft their peerleſs prowess had diſplay'd;
Who like their grandſires bold, in days of yore,
Had borne defiance oft to Gallia's ſhore.
Amongſt the foremoſt candidates for fame,
Or for her favours had the boldeſt claim,
Of neptune's ſons throughout the Britiſh coaſt,
Not one ſuperior could with Nelſon boaſt;
Firm in reſolve as in the council grave,
Cool in th' attack, but through the action brave;
To him the ſtate this gallant fleet conſign,
His courage with their councils to combine;
From which they hope to counteract the foe,
And peace reſtore by one auſpicious blow.

Full thirteen ſhips of force own his command,
Four more receive their orders from his hand,
Each well with military ſtores ſupply'd,
And fit alike to combat wind and tide.
Their orders come, the fleet their anchors weigh,
And ſweep impatient o'er the trackleſs ſea,
Now this way and now that they ſcour the main,
Hoping from chance intelligence to gain,
And glorious death or victory to obtain.
Now o'er the midland ſea their courſe they ſteer,
Now to Sardinia, now to Malta bear;
Keen ardour ſparkles in each ſailors eyes,
And for the combat every ſoldier ſighs.
For know in deeds of honour and renown,
His country's cauſe each Briton feels his own.
Thus ranging onward o'er the watry main,
The fam'd Egyptus coaſt at length they gain;
Here on the firſt of Auguſt they ſurvey
The Gallic ſquadrons anchor'd in the bay;
Soon as the Engliſh tars their ſhips beheld,
Each hero ſeem'd with new-born raptures fill'd.
With loud huzzas they rend the yielding air,
Whilſt for the dreadful conflict they prepare.
Safe in the gulph of fam'd Aboukir ſtow'd
In creſcent huge the adverſe navy rode,
In lengthen'd line the vaſt marine extend,
Whilſt from the ſhore th' approach the forts defend;
Whate'er from ſituation could be gain'd,
For their defence, their poſture had obtain'd;

But could impediments like theſe controul,
Or check the ardour of a Nelſon's ſoul!
Could Britain's power ſo fam'd, ſo oft diſplay'd,
By trivial diſadvantages here be ſtay'd!
Keen emulation every hero fires,
And hopes of victory each breaſt inſpires:
Now in her ſtation every veſſel moor'd,
Behold what dire confuſion ſtalks on board,
From ſhip to ſhip the dreadful thunders roar,
And ſmoke with hideous burſts the firm ſet ſhore:
In thickening clouds the nitrous ſmoke aſcends,
And far and wide the blaze of death extends,
Hid is the face of Heav'n, the waves below,
Shock'd with the ſtrife, their wonted foam forego,
From gang to gang the buſy captains fly,
And round them heaps of mangled heroes lie;
Each deck is ſtain'd with ſtreams of human gore,
And death tremendous marks the cannons roar;
The din of death the bleeding warriors cry,
With direful jargon rend the circling ſky;
Even Neptune ſtruck with horror at the fight,
To oceans depths precipitates his flight.
Thus ardent long the doubtful war they wage,
Now ſlack, now thunder, with redoubl'd rage:
Britannia's ſons ſtill conſcious of their name,
Reſolv'd on conqueſt or immortal fame,
Still obſtinate ſuſtain the unequal fight,
Whilſt numbers ſink to everlaſting night.
Nor here ſhall partial ſpleen diſhonour glance
Upon the brave, tho' vanquiſh'd ſons of France,

Worthy the name and ſtate whoſe cauſe they bear,
They bravely long ſuſtain'd the uncertain war;
But now deep horror ſeiz'd the Gallic hoſt,
The conteſt ſeems inevitably loſt;
Their brave commander whilſt like Mars he flew,
With life and rage inſpiring all his crew,
Rent by a fatal ball now mangl'd lies,
Whilſt with his life the ſoul of action dies.
He gone, the action furious they ſuſtain,
Till all their decks are ſtrew'd with heaps of ſlain;
Two hours the combat undecided ſtands,
Whilſt victʼry holds the ſcale with equal hands:
At length three ſhips gall'd by ſuperior fire,
Their enſigns ſtrike and from the fight retire;
'Twas now that Nelſon form'd the great deſign
To break their ranks and flank the vanmoſt line;
Loud and more loud the din of battle grows,
Whilſt from each ſhip the crimſon carnage flows,
From ſhip to ſhip his dire conſuſion fled,
And Gallia's powers ſeem half ſubdu'd with dread;
When lo! augmented horror to inſpire
Their new commanders ſhip appears on fire,
While conſternation in each face appear'd,
And ev'n the adverſe ſhips the danger fear'd,
With dread they mark the progreſs of the flames,
Whoſe waſting rage exploſion dire proclaims;
Aloft in air aſcends the ſpiral blaze,
The hoſtile powers ſuſpended in amaze;

Behold the ſcene horrific madly riſe,
And blaze refulgent 'gainſt the argent ſkies;
In terrible ſuſpence the French await,
The approaching criſis of their awful fate.
Swift the deſtructive element prevails,
Down fall the cordage, yards, and blazing ſails;
At length volcanian like with dreadful blaſt,
Aloft in air the ſhatter'd ſhip is caſt,
With ſhock tremendous ſtruck with dire affright
The hoſtile combatants ſuſpend the fight,
The nitrous vapour darkens all around,
And every ear is deafen'd with the ſound;
Wide o'er the main the falling wreck is ſpread,
Planks, maſts and yards, and ſhow'rs of mangl'd dead;
Each hero views the ſcene with ſilent grief,
Unable each to yield the leaſt relief.
At length the mortal conteſt they renew,
And with rekindling rage the ſtriſe purſue;
Again war's thunders ſhake the waving main,
Again their decks are cover'd with the ſlain,
Vindictive ardour ſparkles in their eyes,
And all alike ſurrounding death deſpiſe:
Much on the fate of this great day depends,
If this victorious, Gallia's navy ends;
If that then ſlander'd is Britannia's name,
Peace far remov'd, and ſunk great Nelſon's fame.
At length the French urg'd by ſuperior might,
Strike and relinquiſh the unequal fight,
Whilſt Britain's ſhips on the advantage preſs,
Urge their deſpair and heighten their diſtreſs.

From every ſhip loud ſhouts of conqueſt riſe
And every warrior claims his dear bought prize;
Nine ſtately ſhips to Britiſh valour yield,
And Nelſon claims the undiſputed field,
Four ſhips alone eſcape the ſad miſchance
To bear the unwelcome tidings to old France;
Three in the action burnt, the whole compleat
Of this late, boaſting formidable fleet.
Thus this imperious force that lately ſpread
O'er eaſtern nations univerſal dread,
Was by a Nelſon's valour quite o'erthrown,
And Britons their ſuperior force to own.
Thus were their ſchemes of aggrandizement foil'd,
Their ſquadrons captur'd aud their projects ſpoil'd.
So ſtill may fate the foes of Albion's iſle,
So on our quarrels ſtill may fortune ſmile;
Still may our arms the like ſucceſſes meet,
And numerous Nelſon's ſteer the Britiſh fleet.

THE FROGS CHUSING A KING.

THROUGH nature's rounds what can we find
So fluctuating as mankind;
What different aims, what various ſchemes
Engage life's mad fantaſtic dreams;
Our actions, paſſions, all agree
To mark our inconſiſtancy:
Oft times thoſe very things to chuſe,
Which got, we peeviſhly abuſe;
Nay oft to court thoſe very things
From which a certain miſchief ſprings.
Forever curious to obtain
The things moſt difficult to gain;
Still diſcontented with our ſtate,
We wiſh to change the laws of fate;
From good to bad, from high to low,
From rich to poor, from joy to woe;
Be the tranſition ne'er ſo ſtrange
There's hop'd for pleaſure in the change;
That human bliſs howe'er ſo great,
Whilſt here on earth, is incomplete,
Has been an axiom long receiv'd
And univerſally believ'd;
And that perſpective happineſs
Exceeds thoſe pleaſures we poſſeſs;

Enjoyment with each bleſſing cloys,
And winning but the wiſh deſtroys,
To have is but to aſk for more
And be as anxious as before;
To individuals not confin'd,
The rule extends to all mankind;
The mightieſt ſtates by turns have ſhewn,
This native fickleneſs their own.

Once on a time as fables ſing
The frogs petition'd for a king,
Jove heard their prayers amidſt the bog,
A ſovereign hurl'd a lifeleſs log:
A while the croaking tribes ſurvey'd
Their monarch, and obedience pay'd,
Beheld the form with reverend awe,
Reſolv'd his mandates ſhould be law:
Each with reſpectful caution creeps
To view their prince with ſtealthy peeps.
Bleſs me, quoth one, don't make a riot,
The king's aſleep, good ſirs, be quiet.
Another ſhooting forth his head,
Declar'd he thought their ſov'reign dead.
A third inſiſts that no ſuch thing
As that, was fit to be a king.
A king! quoth one, that's mighty good,
Why, this is but a log of wood.
Thus reverence ſoon to inſult turns
And each the lifeleſs monarch ſpurns.

Again they meet in council grave,
Again reſolve a king to have.
Jove they petition as before,
And one and all a prince implore:
He hears their ſenſeleſs diſcontent
And ſtraight a furious ſerpent ſent,
Who through the lake tyrannic ſcours
And great and ſmall of frogs devours.
In vain they now for mercy plead,
Where tyranny exalts its head,
In vain attempt to ſeek redreſs
To check the foe, to humble leſs:
No hope remains, but general dread
Is o'er the croaking nation ſpread.
Thus quite o'erwhelm'd with dire diſmay,
To Jove once more they humbly pray,
That he'd once more hear their requeſt
And rid them of this vengeful peſt;
When thus the god, were I to grant
All that you wiſh, or think you want,
You'd ſoon the fatal effect ſee
And more dependance place on me,
Truſt your ſhort ſighted judgment leſs
And fate's ſuperior hand confeſs,
Content receive the ſtation given
By the all bounteous hand of Heaven,
Whoſe boundleſs wiſdom beſt muſt know
The proper bleſſing to beſtow;

Your prayer is heard, but learn from hence
Aright to weigh the conſequence.

This brutes like men, and men like brutes,
Alike indulge in their purſuits,
Each with his lot diſſatisfy'd
Would turn the hand of Heav'n aſide.
Rome once a nation wiſe and brave,
Who laws to countleſs kingdoms gave,
Amidſt a multitude of things
Was proud, nay happy, in her kings.
But ſtrange! a prince's brutal luſt
Could fill the empire with diſguſt;
With Tarquin, royalty expires,
And each a commonwealth admires;
Long firm the fair republic ſtood,
Their armies brave, their councils good;
Alike for arts and arms renown'd,
Their equals no where could be found.
With ſelf-erected freedom bleſt
They ampleſt happineſs poſſeſt:
From Scandavonia's icy ſhores
To where the orient Ganges roars,
Midſt Arab tribes and Scythian bands,
O'er Afric's waſtes and Lybia's ſands,
Extended was the Roman name,
And fartheſt nations own their fame;
Yet though with wide dominion bleſt,
Though wealth and freedom they poſſeſt,

By caprice urg'd, 'tis ſtrange to tell
How from that eminence they fell,
Sunk from that height ſo rais'd by fate
To the moſt abject ſervile ſtate;
Their rights, their liberties reſign,
And expedite their own decline.
Nay, even prepare thoſe very bands
With which a Cæſar binds their hands:
Thus Iſrael's children diſcontent
With Heaven's too gracious government,
By faſhion led, like many more
They for an earthly king implore;
Jehovah heard their foolish call,
And for a ruler gave them Saul,
A peeviſh prince, whoſe only joy
Seem'd others pleaſures to deſtroy;
And thus the Jews, though lately bleſt,
Are puniſh'd at their own requeſt.
When Iſrael thus, to error prone,
Had off the Lord's dominion thrown,
The Athenians by more wiſdom fir'd,
Or with more heavenward zeal inſpir'd,
Down from their thrones their tyrants drove,
Reſolv'd to have no king but Jove.
Thus whatſoe'er be man's eſtate,
Or high or humble be his fate,
By caprice led, the wavering will
Is hunting for new changes ſtill.

Whilſt thus theſe changes we explore,
'Mongſt ancient ſtates or days of yore,
'Tis that modern men we view
The ſame fantaſtic courſe purſue.
Turn but one moralizing glance
To that deluded country, France,
There reaſon owns, in ſpite of pride,
This hapleſs truth is verify'd;
Long languiſh'd had this fated land
Beneath oppreſſion's ruthleſs hand,
In ſervile bondage long had groan'd,
And their ſad ſuffering ſtate bemoan'd;
When ſudden ſee her ſons inſpir'd,
And with the love of freedom fir'd,
By one bold energetic ſtroke
Threw off the tyrant's galling yoke;
Caſt from their hands oppreſſion's chain,
And life with liberty regain.
What pleaſures ſpread throughout the ſtate
At this unlook'd for change in fate,
Content on every face appear'd,
Where liberty each boſom cheer'd;
The king was bound to rule by law,
To ſerve by love, and not by awe;
The very name of freedom gave
Importance to each former ſlave;
When envying nations from afar
France threaten'd, with incurſive war;
Unmov'd they heard theſe vain alarms,
For conqueſt ever crown'd their arms:

But ah! how wond'rous is the chance
Of ſad infatuated France.
'Tis ſaid the burſt of ſudden joy
Will ſometimes reaſon's power deſtroy,
And nothing known ſo mad'ning is
As meeting with exceſs of bliſs,
At leaſt to thoſe condemn'd to know
Through former life exceſs of woe;
Thus on a ſudden rais'd on high
From vaſſalage to liberty;
Releas'd from bondage and deſpair
To breathe in freedom's cheering air.
The ſons of France the maniac caught,
And grew enphrenzied with the draught;
Their words, their actions, all preſage
A wild enthuſiaſtic rage;
Inteſtine broils convulſe the ſtate,
And Gallia thus ſo bleſt of late,
Tears from her brows fair freedom's wreath,
And turns the ſcene of war to death:
Her king of late belov'd, careſs'd,
By flattery call'd of kings the beſt,
Is by the public voice accus'd,
And by the clam'rous mob abus'd,
To dungeon vile is impious led
And ſoon condemn'd to looſe his head;
His family his fate to ſhare,
Nor one of Bourbon's line to ſpare;
Thus launch'd into the dangerous flood
Of civil diſcord, rage, and blood;

Wild anarchy o'erſpreads the land,
And murder waves her crimſon'd hand,
The guiltleſs with the guilty fall,
And dire confuſion ſeizes all,
Till tir'd at length with war and death
The murdering madmen ſtop for breath;
The pauſe, tho' ſhort, reflection gave,
And ſome reſolv'd the ſtate to ſave—
To ſave, but how; why, to reſtore
That ſyſtem they'd deſtroy'd before;
To ſet up tyranny accurſt,
The ſecond viler than the firſt;
From the mere ſcum of all the land
To chuſe the caitiff to command,
Whoſe mean intrigue and projects baſe,
A common catchpole would diſgrace,
A Buonaparte from earth to raiſe,
On Lewis's ruin'd throne to blaze;
Nay, even franks themſelves to urge
The tyrant to accept the ſcourge,
And yield thoſe liberties as nought,
For which ſo late they dearly fought;
And he uſurper like, to ſcorn
Thoſe fools by whom he is upborn;
Think, Frenchmen think, repent your choice,
And liſt to reaſon's ſoothing voice,
Check his ambition, and controul
The machinations of his ſoul;

Nor thus implicitly conſent
To what with eaſe you may prevent;
'Tis not for you with reeking ſcars
To dare unneceſſary wars;
Know that the power you now provoke
Is not diſpos'd with you to joke,
She can and will revenge her wrongs,
And loves what liberty belongs;
Then think not with a hoſtile hand
To ſpread confuſion o'er this land,
Seek your own order to reſtore,
And prudence govern you once more;
Strive power deſpotic to reſtrain,
And Frenchmen be yourſelves again.

TOM PENDANT,

A NEW SONG.

THE winds blew hard, whilſt o'er the ſky
Swift from the weſt the carry drove,
When mounted on the topmaſt high,
Tom Pendant ſung his abſent love;
Remember me, Eliza fair,
When toſſing o'er the foaming ſea,
When numb'd with horror and deſpair,
Eliza fair, remember me.

Think not, ſweet maid, that time can quell
That flame ſo long my heart has known,
In other climes, though beauty dwell,
Yet pleaſure lives with thee alone:
My ſoul ſtill like the needle true,
For ever conſtant turns to thee,
Each danger braves, in hopes that you,
Eliza fair, remember me.

Thus ſung the tar, the gathering gales
Rude o'er the ſurging ocean ſweep,
The veſſel drives with beating ſails,
Laborious through the furrowing deep;

Loud and more loud the whirlwinds riſe,
In waves mountaneous rolls the ſea,
Yet midſt the ſtorm Tom dauntleſs cries,
Eliza fair, remember me.

Loud peals of thunder rend the ſky
That fill with dread the melting ſoul,
Around the livid lightnings fly
With hideous flaſh from pole to pole;
Yet midſt calamity extreme
Where certain ruin ſeem'd to be,
Tom conſtant tun'd his love lorn theme,
Eliza fair, remember me.

At length a ſadly fated rock
Impedes the veſſel's onward courſe,
She bounds, but ſoon repeats the ſhock,
And yields to ſuch unequal force;
Swift thro' the wound the water ſprings,
Down, down ſhe founders in the ſea;
Yet even in death, Tom faithful ſings,
Eliza fair, remember me,

A NEW

LOYAL SONG.

THO' the tempeſt of diſcord again gathers round
And threatens to deluge our nation,
Yet true Britiſh courage this ne'er can confound,
Unknown to the fears of invaſion.
'Tis not Gallia's proud boaſt nor the menace of Spain
Can e'er make true Engliſhmen fear them,
Whilſt our country ſtands firm and our tars rule the main,
They can ne'er ſuppoſe danger is near them.

See the enſigns of liberty float in the air,
See what loyalty glows in each boſom,
Round the ſtandard of freedom ſee millions repair,
And dare thoſe who ſcarce dare to oppoſe 'em.
Unanimity binds every rank to the cauſe,
With one heart and one hand we engage, Sirs,
To ſtand firm by our country, our king, and our laws,
And defy this proud Buonaparte's rage, Sirs.

Should this Corſican ape with his train of baboons
Ever hope here to land, he's miſtaken,
Let them come in their diving boats, or their balloons,
We'll aſſuredly ſmoke dry their bacon.

From the bleak barren Orkneys to diſtant Penzance,
Each heart glows with true emulation,
And ſpurn with contempt the proud bluſtering of France
And their damnable rage of invaſion.

A frog, quoth old fable, of Buonaparte's ſort,
Hath ambition too equally full, Sirs,
By ſome means or other had learnt from report,
The miraculous ſize of a bull, Sirs;
To arrive at this wonderful animal's ſize
Who'd impreſs'd on his mind ſuch a wonder
He puffs and he ſtrains, and each effort he tries
Till with pride the poor fool burſts in ſunder.

Thus theſe bogtrotting croakers, our Gallican foes,
Would contend with the ſons of old freedom,
And at ſurly John Bull toſs each impudent noſe,
Who indignant refuſes to heed them:
How unequal the means they propoſe to the end,
How miſtaken their conſular chief, Sirs,
Shall the frog eating miſcreants of Gallia pretend
To vie with the ſons of roaſt beef, Sirs?

'Tis you, ſons of Briton, the nations have choſe
As the guardians of freedom and ſcience,
Prove worthy the truſt which they in you repoſe
And bid all pigmy deſpots defiance.
By fate kindly plac'd in this ſea-bounded iſle,
We here wiſh for no French innovation,

From faction internal ſecure we can ſmile
At this old thread-bare farce of invaſion.

May our Edwards and Henrys in memory long live,
May the ſpirit of union firm bind us,
And may France, when a hint of invaſion they give,
As prepar'd to receive them ſtill find us.
'Tis the honour of England that calls us to arms,
To repel the proud foe we'll endeavour;
We ſhrink not in dangers, nor ſtart at alarms,
Here's to George and Old England for ever.

THE SAILOR'S BOW, WOW,

A NEW SONG.

COME liſten to my jovial ſong
Ye ſons of ſtormy ocean,
Condemn me or commend me,
As your fancy leads your notion:
Though ſongſters frequently may err,
Yet think me not a railer,
For though I am a ſhaggy dog
Yet I'm an honeſt ſailor.
When rattling thunders ſhake the air
To fill the mind with horror,
And mariners diſmay'd behold
The ſcene with dread and terror

When waves mountaneous dreadful roll,
And tempeſts loud are howling,
A ſailor, though a ſhaggy dog,
Shall never be heard growling.
But patience, Sirs, a while excuſe
The ſad account I give you,
No coward baſe am I, d' ye ſee,
Therefore will not deceive ye;
For ſailing's now in faſhion grown
With every rank and ſtation,
Since piracy and bartering are
The buſineſs of the nation.
There ſcuds a lady of eighteen,
With all her ſails full ſpread, Sirs,
Well rigg'd, d'ye ſee, from ſtem to ſtern,
And bearing right a head, Sirs;
But ſhould ſome ſprightly fopling buck
Attack her ſtarboard quarter,
She'd ſoon abandon piracy
And heart for heart would barter.
The miſer down his hatches ſhuts
To all ſolicitations,
He values not the orphan's tears,
Or widow's lamentations;
But ſtupid as the boiſterous main,
He ſheers right off, and leaves 'em,
Then to the devil ſteers his courſe,
Who down hell's gang-way heaves him.
The holy parſon from aloft
Bawls out to Heaven for quarters,

To ſave a ſingle ſinking crew,
  Implores both ſaints and martyrs:
But ſtop his pay, and then you'll ſee
  The ever-zealous parſon,
Will, Bing like, ſet his helm alee,
  And ſinners turn his a——on.
The ſtatesman, too, down folly's ſtream,
  Glides on with ſails unbended,
But founders oft on credit's coaſt,
  'Ere half his voyage is ended.
Split on the rock of mortgages
  He's forc'd to ſheer abaft, Sirs,
Whilſt lawyers take the weather gauge
  And rake him fore and aft, Sirs.
Thus all the world, as well as me,
  Are ſailors in their kind, Sirs,
Some, fool-like, ſtem the ſea of life,
  Some drive before the wind, Sirs:
One common harbour, though they ſeek,
  Yet are their courſes various,
Two founders, whilſt one gains the port,
  The channel's ſo precarious.

EDENSIDE RANGERS.

FROM a nation where lately wild anarchy ſpread,
Pull away, pull away, innovation,
Diſaffection had ventur'd to thruſt forth her head,
And had threaten'd to enter our nation;
But the ſons of Britannia had reſolv'd to a man,
They'd ne'er be directed by ſtrangers,
So each patriot turn'd out and old Cumbria began,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
To aſſemble her Edenſide Rangers.

There was Howard, ſtill forward in liberty's cauſe,
Pull away, pull away, ſo clever,
Was foremoſt the laudable ſcheme to propoſe:
May ſucceſs crown his projects for ever.
Adopting himſelf, what himſelf firſt deſign'd,
Uninfluenc'd by fears or by dangers,
And ſoon a brave hoſt of young heroes combin'd,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
The invincible Edenſide Rangers.

The French had long talk'd of invaſion and ſtuff,
Pull away, pull away, on dry land,
Let them come, and begar they ſhall ſoon have enough,
If they dare but to look at our iſland;

'Tis not threatning or boaſt that can Britons affright,
Unus'd to be daunted by ſtrangers,
Let them come when the will, and ſtill ready to fight,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
They will find our brave Edenſide Rangers.

The Brigantes of old were for courage renown'd,
Pull away, pull away, I deſire it;
And why ſhould their offspring leſs valourous be found,
If our country's defence ſhould require it?
Yet though wonted the pageants of triumph to view,
Let us ſhun fatal war and its dangers,
Be our ſwords rather drawn to compoſe than ſubdue,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
Is the wiſh of all Edenſide Rangers.

May ſucceſs the exertions of merit ſtill crown,
Pull away, pull away, my hearties,
May our commerce increaſe, and our counſels keep down
All the rage and the tumult of parties;
May peace with her bleſſings reviſit theſe iſles,
Though believe me we ſhrink not in dangers,
And ye ladies of Cumbria, reward with your ſmiles,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
The ſmiles of your Edenſide Rangers.

MIDNIGHT.

NOW o'er one half creation's ample round
Night's sable queen her empire wide extends,
And universal silence marks her reign,
Save where yon midnight bell with solemn toll
Bursts on the ear t' inform the wakeful few
That mope in solitude, how time is fled.
This is the hour, as ancient legends tell,
When yawning graves and sepulchres expand
Their marble jaws, with dehumating gape,
The close pent spirit nightly to release,
Whilst midst the moss-grown tombs and chequering yews
In mystic rounds these visionary shades,
In march as silent as the foot of time,
Their gloomy and nocturnal revels hold.
This is the very witching time of night,
When restless ghosts by softer impulse led,
Steal from the clay cold chambers of the grave
As with a friendship death could not destroy;
Fond to revisit their once lov'd abodes,
As tho' with guardian care to watch the dome
Which late in life contain'd their every joy,
And sometimes too amidst yon mouldering pile
Of Gothic ruin, by the glympsing moon,
The midnight wand'rer has, from fancy's aid,
Beheld dire spectres horrible and ghastly,
With eyes emitting flames, or headless trunks;

And oft hath heard, or fancied that he heard,
Terrific shrieks, or groans, or clanking chains,
The recollection of which aweful scene
Hath been sufficient to arrest each pulse,
And set with fear the bristling hair an end.
But from the peaceful mansions of the dead,
From mouldering tombs and monumental views,
Fair fancy wing me to yon secret shade,
Where punctual to their assignations pledg'd,
Fond lovers come to plight their mutual vows.
See with what outacy th' enraptur'd pair
Rush to the bleft occasion night bestows;
Screen'd from a sordid guardian's envious care,
Whose minds to gentler passions oft estrang'd,
By earthliest views inspir'd, would circumvent
Their childrens happiness thro' future life;
Here safe protected by the sable veil
Of favouring night, the happy lovers sit,
And taste extatic interval of joy.
Oh think ye parents that with ruthless hand
Thus oft controul the choice which nature makes;
Think on the bitter days and joyless nights
Your powers misused may to your children give;
Relax the keen severities of age,
And recollect that though the icy hand
Of time congeal the channels of the heart,
That once with quicker and more ardent throbs
They beat, and that your passions were inflam'd

With all the objects to which youth is prone,
Tho' now you cruelly those pleasures curb,
Which once you construed death not to indulge.
Hush! whence proceeds that quick impetuous step,
This way it moves, 'tis prudent to retire
Where observation may securely mark
The mean and purpose of this child of darkness;
See there he stands in attitude as fierce
As Lybian tyger, or the Russian boar,
Whilst from his eye balls flash vindictive fires,
That shew their settled horrors in his face!
In accents inarticulate he speaks,
Whilst every word seems fraught with dire revenge.
Clasp'd in his hand the reeking poignard view,
Imbru'd in gore with frantic rage he stabs
The yielding air, and stamps the solid earth.
Save us, good Heaven! for well his jestures note
The damn'd assassin, with insuriate haste
Returning from his execrable deed.
Unhappy wretch, whoe'er alas thou art,
The unhappy victim of his deviliſh rage,
I pity thee, but pity comes too late,
The deed is o'er, revenge hath done its worst,
Nor plotting malice, envy, jealous hate,
Or feuds domestic, or more distant strife,
Again can reach thee; no, the hand of death
Tenacious shields thee from all further ire.
Go, thou base perpetrator of this deed,
And meet that justice which thy crimes deserve;

Know that the hand of Heav'n ſhall haunt thy ſteps,
And inbred conſcience gnaw the guilty heart:
Should horror ceaſe to plague thy ſavage mind,
Or thou unpuniſh'd through life's journey paſs,
Then might the libertine exulting brave
Heaven's retributions, and its threats defy,
Laugh at the moralizing ſage, and with contempt
Treat every precept, human and divine.
But yet reflect if in thy reaſoning ſoul
One ſpark exiſts of that ætherial flame
Which ſtamps thy wondrous origin from Heav'n.
Whilſt thou ſhalt view yon ſplendid orbs that roll
In circles devious through the boundleſs ſpace,
That in confuſion regular perform
Their various courſes, or ſhalt thou behold
The comet's blaze, that with eccentric ſweep
In curves tremendous marks its wilder'd way;
Or view in lower earth the numerous ſcenes
Of wonder and delight profuſely ſhower'd;
Reflect on theſe, thy ſceptic heart ſhall own
The hand Omnipotent that form'd the whole.
And can Omnipotence be leſs than juſt?
No, vain man, ill founded are thy boaſts,
When confident upon thyſelf alone
Thou ſhalt ſuppoſe the ſecret hand of fate
Purſues thee not, that Providence which ſees
With eye intuitive creations round,
Whoſe genial hand ſupports and governs all,

Shall recompence each deed with its deſert,
On mercy, mercy kindly ſhall beſtow,
And to the cruel, cruelty return.

Hark! from yon ſacred fane the clock ſtrikes one,
Another hour of life is counted off.
How many hours unnotic'd paſs away,
Hours that if wiſely us'd might intereſt bring
Unto the uſurer, whilſt this wilful waſte
Makes woeful want when moſt occaſion comes.
This is the hour when contemplation wings
Her tow'ring flight through regions infinite,
To where yon twinkling orbs that feebly blaze,
Illumes yon azure ſky, then ſoaring on
Through ſpace immeaſurable fancy led,
High on imagination's pinions borne,
Seeks countleſs worlds to human ken unknown.
Now to the poet with his favourite muſe,
In dreams fantaſtic wrapt, his ſchemes propounds;
Or when with nature's pencil in his eye
He ſings of ſylvan ſcenes, the thickening ſhade,
The lofty mountain, or the cataract's fall;
Or on the enamell'd plain, where browzing herds
Engage the guileleſs ſhepherd's conſtant care;
Sometimes in bolder flights, with martial train,
The goddeſs leads him to the hoſtile field,
There to pourtray the various change of war,
Emblaze each hero, and deſcribe the deeds
Of ireful combatants and warriors keen,

That long illuſtrious and unvanquiſh'd ſtood,
Alcides like, the ſhock of all the war.
Tir'd with the ſcene of carnage and of death,
His fancy next the peaceful cottage ſeeks,
Where virtue, peace, and gay contentment dwell;
Where friendſhip ſmiles, and health with cheering hand
Aſſiſts and mitigates the peaſant's toil;
Here in the carruſcations of the mind,
Whate'er the ſubject fancy may ſuggeſt,
Some ſhare of ſatisfaction crowns the bard.
Alike with him amidſt the gloom of night,
In meditation wrapt, the cloiſter'd ſaint
To Heaven in fervent prayer directs his ſoul,
For ever grateful to that kindly power
Whoſe hand beneficent each want ſupplies;
Repines not at his low though happy ſtate,
Nor makes inordinate requeſts on Heaven;
And when he prays in reſignation bound,
'Tis but concordant to the Father's will.
Think you voluptuous, who from Heav'n poſſeſs
What might be deem'd ſuperfluous, whoſe deſires
Make claims inſatiate, and accuſe that power
Of parſimony, who profuſely gives
More than neceſſity could e'er require:
Think how unworthy of theſe bleſſing's pour'd
On you ungrateful, and the little claim
Your merits have to goodneſs thus divine;
Think but on this, and pride, luxurious pride

Would ſink abaſh'd and humbl'd in the duſt,
Whilſt thus in midnight lucubrations toil'd,
The bard and anchorite their vigils keep.
What various views engage the buſy world?
Now to the brothel reels the debauchee,
With ſelf-deſtroying hand that health to waſte
Which time or med'cine never ſhall reſtore;
Self-reft of underſtanding and of fame,
He madly wallows in licentiouſneſs;
With vile aſſociates mixt, whoſe flagrant crimes
In cooler hours his reaſon would condemn;
Perhaps a beauteous weeping virtuous ſpouſe
Now mourns his abſence o'er her infant race,
Whilſt he, inſenſible to every touch
Of native paſſion, ſave the ſenſual flame
Which manhood ſcandals—ridicules her woe.
O thou of Heaven's chief operations, man!
Of all its works moſt wondrous, moſt inform'd,
Moſt lov'd, moſt favour'd, yet moſt ſelf-abus'd,
Where is that boaſted reaſoning, human pride,
Degraded, ſunk, inferior to the brute.
Can man ſo far abandon reaſon's path,
Thus madman like, theſe principles employ,
Which his own knowledge tells him will at once
His ſoul endanger and his ſenſe deſtroy.
There, to the gameſter, more notorious ſtill,
Screen'd by the ſable ſanction of the times,
Swift to his deviliſh aſſignation ſteals,
Where coaleſc'd with dæmons like himſelf,

Nor ignorance nor unſuſpecting truth,
Nor fancy'd friendſhip, here need quarter hope.
Scoundrels in play are ſcoundrels more decry'd,
More dangerous than the open libertine;
This in profeſſion and in practice one,
Though baſe, yet ſtill appears without diſguiſe;
That with diſſimulation mark'd, conceals
The foul enormities that caſe his heart;
This led by folly blind, to reaſon errs,
That, ſpight of reaſon, ſins from principal.
The hour grows late, tir'd nature now oppreſs'd
With wakeful meditation, claims repoſe,
And may that wonted requium he requires
Feel not thoſe interruptions and thoſe pangs
That wait the guilty mind, but may the heart
Enjoy the reſt the wearied body needs;
And if within it feels one ſlight rebuke,
Thus may it parley, pardon me this once,
And I engage to trouble thee no more.
'Tis not the regal bed, the downy couch,
The ſound of honours, or the glare of ſtate,
To human minds tranquillity can give:
No, 'tis the applauding tone of virtue's voice,
The conſciouſneſs of rectitude within,
With Heaven eſteem, and unity with man,
That yields that halcyon comfort to the mind,
That ſoothing tranquil requium to the ſoul
Which but the virtuous e'er can hope to find.

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